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The New Statesman and Nation, April 12, 1947

THE NEW

HENRY WALLACE: A Profile

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIII. No. 840. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE CABINET AND CONSCRIPTION

THE Government's decision to amend the National Service Bill, so as to reduce the period of conscription from eighteen to twelve months, is a concession to common sense. Though the Act will only come into force in 1949, the amendment will involve immediate reductions in the size of the fighting Services. As the Bill originally stood, the Army could reckon on an annual increment of 225,000 men, since each of the 150,000 recruits would serve eighteen months. Now the increment will be only 150,000, and overseas service in areas more remote than Germany, where training can conveniently take place, is probably ruled out. This means that after 1949 we shall have an Army of at most 300,000, compared with the present 700,000; and total forces of about 600,000, compared with the figure for March, 1948, of 1,100,000. The run-down must be far bigger and far quicker than had been estimated. To enable it to proceed relatively smoothly, its pace will have to be accelerated at once.

By tabling this amendment, therefore, the Government has implicitly accepted not only the case against the use of conscripts, after their training has been completed, for garrison duties in the Empire; but also the criticism of the present inflated size of the armed Forces. Backbenchers have been calling attention to this in debate after debate. First in private, and then in public, the Government has been warned that a large number of its supporters, including leading trade unionists, have little confidence either in the arguments or in the conclusions of Mr. Alexander. Long before the debate on conscription the Prime Minister knew that those who objected on principle to National Service were a relatively small minority; while only a handful would oppose conscription as a demonstration against Mr. Bevin. What was disturbing the Parliamentary Party as a whole was the uneasy feeling that the Minister of Defence and the other Service Ministers were exerting no real control of the administrative machine; and secondly, that huge forces were being maintained not in the interests of military security but with the fallacious idea that a large army—even if combined with a display of economic weakness such as the fuel crisis—would strengthen the hands of the Foreign Secretary. To these misgivings, voiced week after week, neither the Prime Minister nor the Minister of Defence vouchsafed a serious reply. They contented themselves and infuriated their colleagues with generalities about unspecified commitments and responsibilities under the United Nations.

What induced them so dramatically to change their minds? Certainly not the number of Socialists who went into the "No" lobby. Considering Labour's tradition of opposition to conscription, it was surprising that only 72 out of a party of close on 400 opposed the Bill. Nor was the threat of a much bigger revolt in the Committee stage in itself decisive. The truth is that the Cabinet has been increasingly uncomfortable about our whole Defence policy. Mr. Alexander and Mr. Bevin are a powerful combination. They are charged with the responsibility for foreign policy and strategy, and in the past they have been able to steamroller any of their colleagues who, without a full knowledge of the facts, and burdened with their own Departmental responsibilities, dared occasionally to raise their voices in mild protest. Such protests were made against the Army Estimates and the Defence White Paper when they were discussed last January. They were unavailing.

Then came the fuel crisis, the floods and alarming reports that the American Loan might run out next winter. They were followed by the disclosure that we could not any longer sustain the commitments in Greece and Turkey which in January had been described as absolutely vital—and by President Truman's message to Congress. More and more members of the Cabinet began to ask themselves whether our Defence policy bore any relation to our economic strength. Reality began to break through the web of illusion spun by two dominant personalities. And, at long last, Ministers began talking in Downing Street in the language which critics in the press and Parliament had been using for months.

The importance, therefore, of the Government amendment is less that it will placate the backbenchers than that it represents a tardy but welcome challenge by their colleagues to the Departmental autonomy previously enjoyed by the Foreign Secretary and the Minister of Defence.

Too often in the last eighteen months—most flagrantly in the instances of Greece and Palestine—Ministers have accepted a decision which violated both principle and common sense, on the excuse that they were very busy and, after all, it was not their business. Collective responsibility should not mean accepting your colleague's violations of Socialist principles, and leaving it to backbenchers to try to put them right. It should mean full and frank discussion by Ministers of matters *outside* their Departmental sphere. In the last resort resignation on a point of principle may be a duty.

The Prime Minister believes in the principle of Departmental autonomy. But, driven too far, this principle destroys collective responsibility; or alternatively results in the embarrassing situation which has now developed over National Service. The majority of Cabinet Ministers has not changed its mind since the debate. It has merely asserted it—after a storm in the House and before the Easter conferences.

Fortunately Mr. Churchill, by issuing a personal statement without consulting his colleagues, has done much to redress the balance. If he can cajole the Conservatives into opposing the Government amendment, he will remove one of Mr. Attlee's chief embarrassments—effusive Tory support. If he assails the Government for overruling the Chiefs of Staff, he may persuade Socialists inside and outside Parliament that their leaders are at last doing their job. Such an achievement would almost justify his receipt of a salary as leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

But this Parliamentary windfall should not be permitted to obscure the central issue. The Cabinet has at last taken a collective decision overriding the Departmental demands of the Ministry of Defence. Very good! But in future such decisions should be made before and not after the debate.

Moscow—Voices Off

Having disagreed fundamentally on the question whether the U.S.S.R. is entitled to immediate reparations drawn from current German production and having differed—less fundamentally but on substantial points of detail—on the constitutional structure of the Reich, the Foreign Ministers decided this week to move on to the frontier issue; but on no single point in the agenda, at whose still distant end there remains to be discussed the Austrian Treaty, has real agreement been reached. For the underlying causes of the deadlock one must look outside the conference room in Moscow: the interminable wrangles of the Foreign Ministers on the specific problems of Germany are less significant than the "voices off"—at Lake Success and in Washington. There, even more sharply than in Moscow, the ideological conflict between capitalist America and the Soviet Union is being emphasised. In the Security Council, Mr. Gromyko, complaining bitterly that American intervention in Greece and Turkey has weakened the authority of the United Nations and undermined the mutual trust of its members, moved a resolution that the Council should set up a special Commission to ensure that all the money spent should go, not to equipping the Greek Army, but to general economic reconstruction. But Senator Vandenberg tells Congress that the U.S. must shoulder the task of preventing the Middle East from falling "within the orbit of aggressive Communist expansion": the President's programme of aid to Greece and Turkey is "a plan to sterilize the seeds of war." In this atmosphere the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are unlikely to find a common approach to the global problem of reconstruction in Europe, the Middle East or the Pacific. Yet it is only on the basis of such a wider agreement that the problem of Germany—a single facet of a world-wide issue—can be solved.

The Double-Cross of Lorraine

By donning the mantle of MacMahon and Boulanger and by his open declaration of war against the Fourth Republic, General de Gaulle has abandoned all pretence of standing above political intrigue. On the contrary, it is evident that he and his associates have spent their days in the wilderness preparing a crusade against French democracy. Though, at Strasbourg, the General proclaimed himself the symbol of the unity France so desperately needs for recovery, he is now to lead his reactionary *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*. He has called for the revision of the Constitution and for the creation of a new party to end all parties. Since the next election is not due for four years, the General and his friends—among whom must be counted the French Fascist underground—must either fall back on extra-constitutional methods or rally a following among the existing members of the Assembly and the Council. In each case, they would be aiming at the disruption of the precarious system of coalition Government. For, in the Chamber, the R.P.F. can make its influence felt only if it co-ordinates a revolt against the Ramadier Government by the P.R.L. and its allies and part, at least, of the M.R.P. and M. Herriot's Radicals. This means a head-on clash with the Left, for both the Socialists and Communists have bitterly denounced the sinister intentions of the General and the authoritarian programme he has now adopted. Indeed, he may well drive the two Left parties into each other's arms if they are squarely confronted with a new semi-Fascist threat. He believes, no doubt, that this is an opportune moment for launching an attack upon Communism at home and abroad. His efforts, however, to balance French politics between Russia and America are more likely to end by forcing the French people to take sides with Communism or with an imperialist alliance. No good can come of this dangerous folly. The would-be saviour of his country may yet drag it into ruin.

Trading with Franco

Judged purely from the economic standpoint, the new British clearings agreement with Spain means that this country obtains on credit certain not unimportant supplies of foods and raw materials which it needs. Last year we exported to Spain about £9 millions' worth of goods; against this, British imports from Spain amounted to about £15 millions. In 1947 it is expected that British imports of Spanish goods will reach the figure of nearly £25 millions, while British exports to Spain will probably not exceed £15 millions, at most. To Spain the British market is important; and from our point of view Spanish supplies, not merely of iron ore and copper pyrites, but also of oranges, tomatoes, and sherry have doubtless their utility. Whether we should increase on their account British external indebtedness in "hard" currencies is doubtful, arguable though it may be that we cannot afford to neglect any source from which increased imports of desirable goods may be obtained. From the political aspect, however, the trading agreement appears to us to be wholly deplorable. At a moment when Franco, by his spurious "Regency" decree has endeavoured, at one and the same time, to split the Spanish monarchists and throw dust in the eyes of Uno, the British Government concludes an economic pact which makes nonsense of the idea that in the last resort the Great Powers would be willing to apply trading sanctions against the régime of the Caudillo. Heartened by this evidence that Britain puts material considerations before principles, Franco is getting tough with minor Powers. In order to compel Norway to enlarge her trade with Spain, he has threatened a boycott of Norwegian shipping in Spanish ports. Norway, in consequence, has had to agree to relax the present strict Norwegian limitation of trading licences with Spain.

Burma and Britain

Six months ago the Burmese barometer seemed set at stormy weather. Threats of armed revolt came from different sections of the Burmese people. Now, whilst elections are being held for the Burma Constituent Assembly, the flag of revolt has been raised by that Don Quixote of Burmese politics, Thakin Ba Sein, who threatened to wreck them. Behind him are more serious people—U Saw and U Ba Maw. Thakin Ba Sein and U Saw were both members of the delegation which came to London in January, the success of which has transformed the relations between Burma and Britain. Personally jealous of the youthful Aung San's success, they joined up with Ba Maw and formed an Independence First Alliance. This, however, cannot be regarded in any way as a serious opposition to the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League. In fact, the A.F.P.F.L., already assured a large majority by the number of uncontested seats, undoubtedly reflects the wishes of the Burmese people. The only serious opposition comes from the Communists, who are putting up 30 candidates, mainly in areas where they are not forced to attack A.F.P.F.L. in order not to compromise their efforts to return to the fold. Thus the Constituent Assembly elected this week will reflect national unity again and can settle down to the drawing up of the Constitution envisaged in the Attlee-Aung San Agreement. It means three months of hard work. At the end of this time the decision about Burma's future relations with Britain must be taken. Whatever it may be—and Mr. Attlee emphasised that this must be Burma's unfettered choice—the personal contacts of the past three months have ensured these relations will be friendly. This should greatly facilitate discussions of Burma's peculiarly difficult problems of reconstruction, already retarded by political issues and widespread dacoitry, and of trade agreements based on the interests of the Burmese people.

The Budget and the Plan

The Budget will be judged mainly by one test: will it assist the general economic plans for dealing with the crisis, in production and balance of foreign payments, with which the country is confronted? The year 1946-47 ended with a budgetary deficit of £569 millions, to which must be added nearly £600 millions of "below line" items such as E.P.T. refunds, War Damage payments and expenditure under Housing and Coal Nationalisation Acts which had to be covered by borrowing. Thus the overall deficit amounted to approximately £1,150 millions. For 1947-48 the Treasury outlook is more propitious. Last year's revenue amounted to £3,340 millions, whereas the Estimates already published suggest that expenditure should not greatly exceed £3,150 millions, to which "below line" outgoings of possibly £300 millions may have to be added.

On the assumption, then, that Mr. Dalton will seek to avoid further inflationary pressure by eschewing a further deficit, at any rate so far as the Budget is concerned, and that he will be disinclined to reduce expenditure by cutting the food subsidies at the cost of courting unwelcome demands for corresponding wage adjustments, there are obvious limits to the extent to which he can ease the aggregate tax burden. Indeed, when allowance is made for the probable effects on industrial profits of the February blizzard and for the uncertainty surrounding our ability to maintain consumption of heavily-taxed imports such as tobacco, doubts arise whether current taxes will be as productive next year as last.

Nevertheless, it seems probable that the Chancellor will be able to afford some reliefs in taxation, and he has a free hand in altering its incidence. His policy in framing a Socialist Budget and one which meets the needs brought out in the "Economic Survey of 1947" should clearly be, on the one hand, to restrict undesirable consumption and, on the other hand, to continue the search for added incentives to greater personal effort. Weighty as the objections normally are to regressive indirect taxation, there is a strong case, in present circumstances, for maintaining the existing level of purchase taxes and possibly annulling the reductions made last year on a number of marginal goods, such as domestic electrical equipment. Equally we should say that, whether or not the Chancellor finds it possible to evolve a practicable tax on gambling, he might well increase the stamp duty on stock-market share transfers and might also raise entertainments duty. The possibility, too, of higher duties on tobacco and alcohol should not be excluded.

With something in hand from increased taxes in these fields, Mr. Dalton should be able to go some way in adjusting direct taxation so as both to lighten the present burden on families in the lower income brackets and to provide a greater incentive towards increased earnings. There is no case, in our view, for a further reduction in the standard rate of income tax: its reduction by one shilling, costing about £130 millions, should be subordinated to other, more pressing claims. It would be much better substantially to enlarge children's allowances, to make some increase in the personal allowance, and, above all, to restore the pre-war proportion of one-fifth earned income allowance up to a maximum of £1,500 a year. The cost of the last concession should not greatly exceed £100 millions.

If the Chancellor feels that there is a case for providing greater incentives in the case of professional income exceeding £1,500 a year, then, we would suggest, a solution should be sought in enacting differential rates of surtax—starting perhaps at £1,000 a year—on earned and unearned income. If it were estimated that the cost of a worth-while concession by this means to the earners of professional incomes would exceed the additional revenue which it was practicable to obtain by stepping up surtax on unearned incomes, then the gap could well be bridged by raising the taxes on inheritance and industrial profits.

THE CHIEF GLORY

THE Government's decision to give no priority to coal supplies for paper mills, whose ration has already been cut by two-thirds since the end of January, means that, almost at once, paper production must fall to about one-eighth of the pre-war level or one-third of the total output for last year. Of all the consumers of paper, none will suffer more than the book publishers, who have already had to accept a 10 per cent cut in their ration for the present licensing period. They must now face a further cut of nearly half their existing quota as a direct result of this misguided piece of economy, which rates paper production proportionately below ordinary popular entertainments. Is the Government, dedicated to raising our cultural and educational standards, unaware that it is in danger of cutting away the rungs in its ladder of legislative reform?

"The chief glory of every people," said Dr. Johnson in a less than usually perverse aphorism, "arises from its authors." Of no country is this more true than Britain. Though it is fashionable to bemoan the public appetite for shoddy writing and the absence of contemporary masters, the creative impulse that gave us Congreve and Fielding in the past, also gave us Shaw and Wells in the last generation, and may well give us their peers in the next. Of this enduring tradition, the publisher and printer are the custodians jointly responsible to the public. For this reason they are in a class which must not be judged solely by the normal canons of commerce. They are, it is true, primarily business concerns, and naturally cannot claim immunity from the material and financial burdens which other industries must at present carry. But it is intolerable that their unique importance to the community should be underestimated by this of all Governments. If, politically, the people of Britain are really to understand the social experiment in which we are engaged, and if, culturally, they are to lead fuller lives, then paper and books are the first tools they need for the job.

The Government, of course, can reply that the cuts are a temporary expedient, that in spite of all restrictions the annual turnover of the book trade is extremely high, and that a large number of the books now published are trash, or, at best, ephemeral things whose temporary eclipse would do no serious harm. It can add, moreover, that both bookshops and libraries have good stocks upon which the public can draw while the crisis limits the output of new publications. Finally, the Board of Trade can argue that it is unable to show preference to books while newspapers and periodicals are still subject to drastic controls.

It is quite true that the total value of books sold each year is now more than double the (below average) 1938 figure of £10 millions, and that many of these have little permanent value, some of them being issued by mushroom publishers founded to catch the pennies of the wartime boom. It is equally true that the public will not be starved of indifferent reading if book production is halved for the next twelve months. But these arguments do not justify the ill-advised decision to save a few thousand tons of coal at the publishers' expense. First, they neglect the great technical difficulties under which books have been produced in recent years —difficulties which have become cumulatively worse—and disregard the almost catastrophic position in which many publishers will be placed by this new cut. Secondly, they take no account of the fact that the serious literary, social and scientific books, together with reprints of classics and educational textbooks—those most required by an increased school population and expanding universities — were the categories which suffered most from the disorganisation and restrictions encountered by the book trade during the war. It will be these kinds of book which will again bear the brunt.

The problem of deciding which books are vital to the public and how their publication should be ensured is not simple. The Moberly Pool, which was able to help with special allocations for important books, can do nothing if there is no paper available on which it can draw—and the coal cuts make that probable. It is wholly undesirable to set up some central licensing system, which would involve an at least partial censorship on publishers; and there is no other obvious method of discriminating in favour of worthwhile books and against the rubbish. Yet, in the absence of some system of this sort, the impact of the new paper cuts will be to accentuate the wartime tendency to publish a few best-selling titles in large editions and to postpone publication of less popular but educationally or culturally more essential books until better times.

It is useless for the Board of Trade to insist that we have enough books available to tide us over a period of shortage. It is quite untrue. The lack of sufficient textbooks in our schools and universities was already a severe handicap to adequate education before the decision to raise the school-leaving age. It is idiotic to give education a high priority and then to deprive teachers and pupils alike of basic and supplementary textbooks upon which the whole structure of education depends. Books of all kinds are the life-blood of culture in our society, and without fullest access to the printed word we should be moving along the road to intellectual suicide. Is the Government unable to understand this elementary proposition, just as the recent suspension of periodicals showed that it had no appreciation of the role they play?

It is equally unconvincing, for these reasons, to try to place the press on the same footing as books. Though newspapers may insist that they should share in any relaxation of paper controls —and their case is a strong one—it is only fair to point out that the press as a whole is already in a more favourable position than publishers, who are faced with bottlenecks in printing and binding, with rising costs that eat into their margin of profit far more, proportionately, than into the revenue of newspapers.

Books, moreover, are not merely a domestic matter. They are exports with a high prestige value. They are one of the chief methods of projecting British customs and outlooks to the rest of the world, as the Government seems to recognise by its erratic efforts to increase book sales abroad. But what hopes have British publishers of maintaining, let alone extending, overseas markets when they are not permitted to print or bind books decently, when some of them must go to the Continent for paper and printing, and when their editions of important books are delayed for one and sometimes two years, only to appear in limited numbers? And, if publishers are thus affected, the plight of authors—especially those who have yet to make a reputation or who write books with a limited appeal—will become even worse. Yet it is upon the authors that the whole structure of printed culture directly depends. Are they to be driven to spend their talents in other and more secure professions? These things cannot be measured in terms of cash advantage or coal saving alone. They are intangible assets that may be squandered.

Is it really necessary for the Board of Trade to persevere with this hasty and short-sighted decision? If it does, it might well provide a classic example of the inability of responsible administrators properly to assess the things that are important and of enduring value in our national life. It would be far better if the Government bent its energies to assist the book trade out of its difficulties, and to enable it, with reasonable paper supplies, to serve a public which has a growing taste for the worthwhile books, and to provide our schools and universities with the books they need so desperately. It would be better if there was more co-ordination between the various departments within the Board of Trade which deal with books at various stages in their production and distribution. The Government is helping to precipitate a crisis in British publishing which will not easily be remedied. The present policy would seem logically to end in the supremacy of the dross and the desperation of every decent publisher. Can we afford to forget that Gresham's Law applies to books as well as money?

HORSE-TRADING AT GENEVA

THE horse-traders at Geneva will begin their bargaining with the discouraging knowledge that the most powerful of them has reserved in advance the right to back out of any particular bargain that turns out not to suit his convenience. The State Department has secured Republican permission to carry on with the negotiations only on the undertaking that there shall be an "escape clause," under which any tariff reduction that results in damage to any American industry is to be withdrawn. On these astonishingly one-sided terms we and the Dominions are being asked to give up our Empire Preferences in return for reductions (not removals) of American import duties, and other countries which, like ourselves, are desperately short of dollars, to cut their tariffs in order to admit more American goods. On the face of the matter, the whole situation looks merely absurd, for if protective tariffs help home industries (and what else are they supposed to be for?) lowering them will presumably harm these same industries, which will therefore have a right to insist on the process being reversed. No doubt the industries affected by the reductions will be called upon to prove that they have been harmed, and some may not be able to do this. But it appears certain that a good many will—certainly enough to make the representatives of the bargaining countries at Geneva think twice about the real value of every concession which the American negotiators are prepared to offer.

Yet, even in face of this absurdity, something may come of the Geneva discussions, for there is just the hope that, when the time comes, the Americans, conscious of their great export surplus, will realise the sheer folly of withdrawing such tariff concessions as they will have been induced to make. Other countries besides America are anxious to promote the greatest possible development of international trade during the coming years and to prevent, if they can, a stampede back to the disastrous economic nationalism of the pre-war years. Great Britain has, of all countries, the strongest motive for doing everything that can possibly be done to further the expansion of world trade; for, except in a wide-open world market, where is the chance of selling enough exports to meet the minimum need for imports of foodstuffs and raw materials—to say nothing of other imports which we can do without only at a severe and highly unpopular pinch?

Everyone in Great Britain will hope for the best at Geneva—will hope, that is, for a readiness on the part of the Americans to make really large concessions, so that, even if a part of them is withdrawn later, something substantial will remain. It is not, however, easy to be optimistic; and it is abundantly clear that we, least of all, can afford to give something for nothing, by throwing away or modifying our Empire Preferences unless we and the Dominions get a real and reliable equivalent in return. Too much stress, in many quarters, is, however, apt to be laid on the question of Empire Preference, as if it were the only, or at any rate the main, matter at stake. It is not. What matters much more to us than all the Empire Preferences is the right to buy where we please, and to control our purchases in such a way as to be able to make payment in our own goods. The Americans make no scruples about tying their loans, or exacting preferences for American shipping. We, as matters stand

now, have no loans to tie and are badly short of ships. All we have to tie is our exports—to ensure that they compensate for exports.

The Americans, of course, hold that quite apart from the Loan and the Trade conditions attached to it we are fully pledged under the Mutual Aid Agreement—by the famous "Article VII"—not to engage in any practices which smack of "discrimination," as the Americans are pleased to define it. They claim the *right*, under Article VII, to call upon us to give up all forms of "discrimination" without giving up anything themselves; for the forms of discrimination to which they are addicted they refuse to regard as falling within the scope of negotiation either at Geneva or elsewhere. We do not—we cannot afford to—accept that one-sided definition of our commitments.

The Trade Proposals which the Americans compelled us to endorse as a condition of receiving the Loan included terms which involved that, if for any reason we found it necessary to restrict our imports, the restriction should apply equally to all the countries from which we had been importing previously, and that imports should be scaled down in equal proportions from every source. This was to hold good for bulk purchase arrangements and for all forms of State trading as well as for private enterprise trading. It was designed, for example, to prevent us from buying more Empire and less American tobacco, or more Canadian and less American wheat. In effect it was meant to prevent us from doing anything to improve our foreign exchange position by regulating the sources of our imports; and to it was added the further condition that, even when no restriction was imposed on total imports of a commodity, State trading must be conducted on "commercial principles" and must not be used to give a preference to any particular source of supply.

When the Loan runs out, unless it is replaced by a further Loan—which will only postpone the issue—it will be a sheer impossibility for us not to "discriminate" to some extent in our foreign purchases. This will be so even if foreign trade is as active as the most optimistic forecaster can possibly hope, and even if, in the meantime, the Geneva talks have produced real American concessions and the International Trade Conference has drawn up as good a Charter as it is possible to hope for. In such circumstances we shall need to discriminate less than would be otherwise the case. But the hard fact of dollar shortage will remain, unless the Americans are prepared to go on lending without limit, without attaching impossible political conditions, and without any prospect of getting paid back, at all events for a long time to come. Failing all this (and who can expect it to happen?), we must buy where we will be able to pay; and any such behaviour is "discriminative," in the American usage of the term.

What, then, are we to hope for? As for Geneva, we must, alas, cherish the usual horse-trader's hope of getting as much as possible and giving as little as possible in exchange, but with the wish to conclude bargains, if we can, rather than see the whole series of talks break down. As for the International Conference, which looms behind the Geneva "trading," we must try to reach an understanding not only with the Dominions but also with our neighbours in Europe, and above all with the French, the Scandinavians, and the Dutch, who all have their own dollar problems to face, as Sweden, by its recent restriction on imports, has plainly shown. Even Canada, generally regarded as belonging to the "dollar area," is not without its dollar problems; for, well placed as the Canadians are, they cannot afford to give us unlimited credit for their exports while they pay in cash for their imports from the United States. That, of course, is the rub: the Dominions cannot afford to go on indefinitely piling up sterling balances in order to keep us supplied. We must give them goods, if we cannot give them dollars. But that way lies discrimination; for can we give them enough goods, even when we have recovered from our present plight, unless they give us preferences to offset American willingness to supply goods on credit?

THE CLASH IN MOSCOW

(By Cable from Our Correspondent.)

COMMUNIST expansion and "squeeze them while the going is good" are at the back of a good many American minds, and "capitalist encirclement" at the back of every Russian's mind. The atmosphere is frankly unhealthy, and impartial observers (if there are such animals) cannot help pondering on two questions: "Who started the rot?" and "Where is it getting us all?"

The first question is a very difficult one. In May, 1945, the Russians were on top of the world. They felt strong. There was the inevitable wrangle for spheres of influence in Europe. What they did in Rumania, Poland and Hungary was done clumsily without any regard for popular sentiment in Britain and America. They made a serious mistake in never carefully distinguishing between Britain and America. In both countries they had built up an enormous store of good will, but in Britain it went further and deeper. They frittered away this good will needlessly, making security their first consideration. They had to set up "friendly governments" in Rumania and elsewhere, even if it meant losing much of the good will that had been piled up in Britain and America during the war. But with Marxist logic they thought this good will was something ephemeral, whereas the strategic and security advantages they were gaining were something permanent. ("If you want to play Power politics, we can play Power politics, too," the Americans replied.) The Russians had foreseen the growth of American Imperialism. To bank on lasting British and American good will, built up as a result of Stalingrad, would have been folly. "Marx said—", "Lenin said—", "Stalin warned us—", and if America today has the big stick and Russia is not feeling quite so sure of her strength (there is all the reconstruction to do and God was on the side of the capitalists in 1946 when He gave America her best and Russia her worst harvest in years), it does not alter anything fundamentally.

Here and there Russia will have to retreat politically and diplomatically, if not physically. She has retreated diplomatically from the Persian Azerbaijan, she is leaving the Chinese Communists to their fate, she has got to swallow the news of the American Naval Squadron at Istanbul—quite near to Odessa and Baku—she is feeling the indignity of Rumania begging America for her starving peasantry and Yugoslavia asking America for food and being turned down with a kick in the pants. Gnashing her teeth, Russia is waiting for better times. Perhaps they will start soon—if there is a good harvest this year. No doubt the Marxists are saying "This is only normal." But the man in the street is feeling resentful. Leonid Leonov, in *Pravda*, writes about it emotionally, speaking in terms of betrayal of a wartime ally to whom Britain and America owe so much. Will they break their word of honour? Have they any honour? Are they gentlemen? A gentleman, according to the dictionary, he says, is a man of noble, generous sentiment and high principles. This must be all wrong, according to the present Anglo-American understanding of the term. In short, "have they really come to Moscow to deny us just and fair treatment?" And he cries for justice, invoking the memory of Russia's seven million dead. Russia's position today is in some ways curiously like that of France in 1919—except that France then was enjoying at least a little more good will than Soviet Russia enjoys today.

Two Germanies or one? That is the real question to which this Conference ought to give an answer. There are clearly powerful American elements in favour of the two Germanies solutions, to be followed by more and more pressure against Russia, resulting in greater and greater isolation of Russia. Somewhere in the recesses of the Central Committee there are no doubt partisans of this *politique du pire*. One can already detect this semi-acceptance of isolation in a Tibet-like decree, forbidding any Soviet citizen to marry an alien. But Germany still matters, and if Germany is not to be thrown into a state of ferment, some semblance of economic and political unity will be more than desirable. General Clay, for example, appears to hold this view, and what influence the secret or open supporters of the two Germanies exercise is not quite clear. How important is Dulles? Marshall, for his part, has hitherto remained strangely silent and ambiguous on three questions: (1) The coal deliveries to France, (2) the future of the Ruhr, and (3) the level of industry—except that he tended to discourage the level of high steel production advocated (for different reasons) by Molotov and Bevin. But, as the French have made coal for France their prime condition for adhering to any agreement and the British have made their prime condition "Not another penny of the British taxpayer's money," so the Russians cannot consider a settlement without receiving "full reparations." As Vyshinsky said the other day—10 milliard dollars, spread over twenty years, largely out of current production.

There may be some bargaining, some search for a face-saving device. In short, something will have to be found to make it sufficiently worth while for the Russians to throw the Soviet Zone into the pool of "economic unity." The impression today is that the fate of the Conference is largely in Marshall's hands. No doubt he, like Bevin, is bound by instructions to commit himself to nothing which would result in "America's paying reparations to Russia." But the Russians argue, if the level of industry is stepped up in Germany, there will be enough to give Germany a reasonably sound economy, repay her indebtedness to the Allies and pay reparations, too.

Where does Britain come into all this? It is still hard to say exactly. On the face of it the Anglo-American bloc continues exactly as before. Some meditate on these lines: "How can it be otherwise when we absolutely depend on another American loan?" No doubt Truman's open hints to Russia have embarrassed Bevin, but will it make much difference? Certainly the hope the Russians entertained for a brief moment before the Conference, that Britain would pursue a "more independent policy," seems to have been an idle one. Outwardly, anyway, Bevin is much tougher both with the Russians and the French than Marshall. It may be just his manner, or it may be because we can less well afford to propose concessions than the Americans could. At the same time Bevin at heart no doubt realises that, if America were to pursue a dangerous adventurous policy, it would constitute an immense danger in the first place to Britain.

A Committee has been working, following Bevin's talk with Stalin, on the draft of the new Anglo-Soviet alliance. Whether it will produce anything no one yet knows. The Russians consider as long as the joint Anglo-American chiefs of staff arrangement continues there will always be a *de facto* Anglo-American alliance which will be worth incomparably more than any purely *de jure* alliance between Britain and Russia. Either the Anglo-American chiefs of staff arrangement must cease, or something corresponding to it should be included in the Anglo-Soviet Alliance. The Russians would probably prefer the former. As for great development of Anglo-Soviet trade, this is still rather in the air, pending a clearer picture of this year's harvest and Russia's export possibilities for timber. On the other hand, quite insufficient work has been done by the Russians to explain exactly what they are eager to buy in Britain. "You don't order a big industrial equipment programme as you would order a pot of tea," one sceptic was heard remarking.

Bevin's political plan for Germany is widely felt to be about the best of the four—being realistic and avoiding the extremes of the French and Russian plans. But whether Bevin will prove himself equally realistic—not only in terms of shillings and pence but in terms of our whole future relationship with Russia, France and America, only time can show.

A LONDON DIARY

FRANCO'S latest move is not difficult to understand. He is aware of the deep discontent in Spain, where the economic position is deplorable, the administration shocking and political liberty non-existent. The Army hates the Falange and dislikes the poor figure that Franco cuts in the world. The United Nations Assembly discussed Spain last December and decided that if nothing had been done about Franco, (who was after all part of the Axis, though he fought his section of the war first) it would reconsider the question of Spain "after reasonable time." If this means about six months, which I gather is the period that was in some of the delegates' minds, then Spain will again become an international problem this summer. For this reason Franco must take special account of the reconstituted Spanish Government-in-exile, with Senor Llopis as Premier. He is a good Republican who was in France during the war. His Government is more comprehensive than its predecessor; it is very moderate in character, but includes representatives of all the Republican parties. More important, they represent the submerged political parties in Spain itself, and Spanish people know that over the frontier there is a Government composed of men pledged to get rid of Franco, to restore political liberty and to hold elections for a constituent assembly. Franco's reply to these threats is to make himself "Head of the State," hoping thereby to acquire something of the prestige and respectability of Horthy in pre-war Hungary. He probably thinks that the most immediate threats come from the Monarchists, since many of the generals are Monarchists and only the Army at present would be in a position to carry out a *coup d'état*. His "Regency" manoeuvre is designed not only to please those in America and England who want to see the old Catholic Monarchy restored in Spain, but also to divide the Monarchist forces in Spain itself. I doubt if it can have much success, for the Pretender will not want the throne presented to him by the courtesy of General Franco, and the anti-Franco elements in the United Nations are scarcely likely to be satisfied because Franco graciously decides to confer a new title on himself.

* * *

"We are determined to meet the challenge of the future"; that was the phrase which dominated the message of greetings brought by Henry Wallace from the American Progressives to British Progressives. The challenge was to be met by building a strong United Nations. The signatures were an impressive list. As I looked at them, a friend said: "There aren't many members of Congress." That was true, though Senator Pepper and Helen Cahagan Douglas represented the two Houses; but in the long run the mind of America is influenced far more by the books it reads, the plays it sees, the radio talks it hears than by speeches in Congress. That is where the Progressives are still strong and how they will meet the future challenge. Thomas Mann, the great novelist, had signed the manifesto; Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the tunes which all America whistles from "Oklahoma"; Raymond Walsh, the radio commentator; Lillian Hellman, who wrote "Watch on the Rhine" which ran two years on Broadway; Norman Corwin, who has on occasion made use of the full potentialities of the American radio. Names such as R. J. Thomas of the Automobile Workers and James Patton of the Farm Union show that organised labour is still on the Progressive side, and a reminder of the tradition Henry Wallace carries on was the signature of Elliott Roosevelt.

* * *

So Zoshchenko is returning to favour in the U.S.S.R.? For many years he was the Soviet's best advertisement, proving, it seemed, that the Russian authorities were not the intolerant, humourless fanatics they were supposed to be. At any rate, they could take a bit of fun, even enjoying perhaps a satirical picture of Russian bureaucracy? No, after the war they could not take it any more. Zoshchenko was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union—which meant that he could not get his writing published. Now comes the sequel. Foreign correspondents have been informed that this erring, free-spirited writer has repented. He acknowledges his mistakes. For twenty-five years he has "given a distorted picture of reality, and reflected only the negative features of Soviet men and women." No more originality; no more fun; no further expression of what common men and women say in the queues. He is "writing a book dedicated to the guerillas of the Leningrad region," and if it is a "good" book, "he will regain the trust of the people and re-enter the family of Soviet writers."

* * *

You can usually judge by Soviet propaganda how Russia is doing diplomatically. Its present virulence is a sort of compensation for Russia's present lack of bargaining power. If the U.S.S.R. can't get her own way in the Moscow Conference, her listening public must be told, not the truth about the Anglo-American line-up, on which Russia could fairly say a great deal, but a lot of infuriating nonsense, including, for instance, statements that Britain to-day is making large sums of money out of occupying Germany! One result of this propaganda is that the real strength of the Soviet case is completely obscured. It is the Russians, for instance, who have understated their unparalleled losses. The number of Soviet soldiers and civilians killed by the Nazis and the amount of destruction in Byelo-Russia and the Ukraine is, I believe, far greater than they have ever been willing to claim, and their reparation case is far stronger than people here even understand. When external difficulties are great the Russian reaction—the traditional Russian reaction, not merely the Soviet—is a narrow nationalism and a bitter xenophobia. No mixed marriages. Stalin even finds it "difficult" to persuade the Supreme Soviet to allow exit visas for fifteen girls married to British soldiers. The delegates from the Supreme Soviet, who have been warmly welcomed in this country, seem surprised that we see in this an issue of principle.

* * *

The *Evening Standard*, which sometimes publishes good articles, the other day described in graphic detail the preposterous traffic jam in London. When it came to remedies, it demanded that the authorities provide more parking places, organise speedier one-way routes, and deal drastically with motorists who commit such offences as parking their cars on both sides of the carriage-way. Finally, it ended by appealing to everyone to co-operate in solving an almost insoluble problem. As I read, I thought that, with the alteration of only a few words, the article might serve as a description, not of London traffic but of the British and indeed the world economic jam. And the remedies broadly apply, too. The *Evening Standard*, which belongs to a group of newspapers which yells for free enterprise and exploits the natural public dislike of controls and regulations, cannot demand the abolition of controls when it has to deal with a jam. It has to demand more control, more intervention by authority and stricter enforcement of existing regulations. It is for this reason that the orthodox Conservative attack on the Government always peters out to nothing. They shout for the abolition of controls, and when asked for their own remedy, they cannot in the nature of things offer anything but more planning.

* * *

Everybody looked properly happy at Hampstead on Monday, in spite of a gale which was stripping the awnings from the sideshows and the puddles of liquid mud round the switchbacks. All the traditional figures were there. Young 'Enry, bawling his head off after getting a cuff on the ear for spoiling his clean sailor suit. George, who has sold cockles at the fair every Easter Monday for thirty years. Gipsy Lee—"a hundred and fifty pounds if not the original"—patronised as always by the best families in England. Harry, who makes a profit of about 800 per cent selling glasses of lemonade. Then, of course, the ladies and gentlemen in the booths with the posters that become more suggestive of pornography each year with less reason. I noticed the longest queue of children at a tent advertising a "Japanese Torture Chamber" and a "sexational" strip-tease dancer. The torture was nothing more than a variant on the old trick of sawing a woman in half. The dancer neither stripped nor teased. The small boys in front sent up a disapproving cry as the curtain fell. "Disappointed," said a managerial voice from stage. "What d'you expect for a tanner?"

CRITIC

DE GAULLISME

(After W. S. Gilbert.)

I AM the very model of a modern Generalissimo,
I stand as France's saviour and I make the claim *fortissimo*,
My leaderless compatriots with Gallic logicality
Give natural allegiance to prestige and personality,
And failing the production of an eligible royalty,
I am the very model made for undivided loyalty.

French agonies of peace demand a character Caesarian,
A new Napoleon to lead a State authoritarian,
From partisan ambition free and motives egoistical,
A leader whose appeal is less political than mystical,
A legendary hero famed for gallantry historical,
And who must such a leader be? The question is rhetorical.

Another Man of Destiny with followers unanimous
Will forge a Fifth Republic free from present Party animus,
A single-party State fulfils the process evolutional,
The status of the leader will be super Constitutional.
I left my country to the Left, the Left have made a mess of it,
They made a Constitution, but there shortly will be less of it.

The hackneyed catchword, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,"
Must now be superseded by a phrase of more modernity,
With mystic understanding of the will of the majority
I give France "Continuity, Efficiency, Authority!"
I hear my people call me: I obey the call *prestissimo*
I am the very model of a modern Generalissimo.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. J. Smith.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

From to-day the price of rice and rice products will be increased slightly. But there will still be none in the shops, say the Ministry of Food.—*Daily Mail.*

He said that people thought they were martyrs if carried around in an ambulance, even if they had only a broken finger.

"It is the way people are brought up by being fed on filleted plaice and riding on free-wheel cycles," he said.—Report in *News Chronicle.*

When riding a cycle and passing an Officer all O.R.'s will sit to attention, i.e., stop pedalling and look straight to the front.—*Company Detail of Home Counties I.T.C.*

While the British Empire is breaking up, Hayle is holding its own.—Mr. R. A. Kevern, at Hayle Parish Council on Tuesday night.—Report in *The Cornishman.*

All Fools Social; in the Masonic Hall. For Young Conservatives, friends and prospective members.—Advt. in *The Horncastle and Woodhall Spa News.*

HENRY WALLACE

HENRY WALLACE, who is our honoured guest this week, has many claims to our welcome. He is, to begin with, since the death of Willkie and Roosevelt, the most lovable and the most individual figure in American politics. There is a warmth and a bigness in this man that mark him off from all his rivals. Behind the others one divines the shape of the party machine or the organised interests. One man is an expert in lobbying, another in electioneering. The strength and the weakness of Wallace is that he has no place at all in the underworld of manoeuvre and intrigue. Behind him there is nothing but the ideas that animate him, and the confidence his personality inspires by the mingled appeal of his kindliness and courage.

But this is an understatement. Something else there is behind him—the memory of his great achievement, when he brought back order and prosperity to American farming after the catastrophe of the Great Slump. It was easier in those disastrous years to grasp the misery of the cities than the despair of the rural population. The unemployed stood in their millions, dejected and helpless, in the bread-lines, dependent on charity, for as yet the "rugged individualism" of the American tradition rejected State insurance as a demoralising expedient. The panic that followed the collapse of the banks could be felt as one walked the streets. But the farmers were nearer to total ruin and fiercer in their revolutionary temper than the proletariat of the cities. Their debts hung over them like an avalanche and, on the eve of Roosevelt's first entry into office, they were gathering with their guns in many a Mid-Western village, to support a neighbour who resisted the forced sale of his mortgaged homestead. But as the prices of all their produce tumbled further from month to month, they only aggravated their distress, as farmers will, by trying to raise more and ever more unsaleable wheat and hogs.

Into this chaos Wallace, as Secretary for Agriculture, was able to bring order promptly. It was much more than a masterpiece of bureaucratic planning that he achieved. It was a triumph of leadership. The farmers looked on him as one of themselves. He was himself a scientific farmer and an expert in the breeding of plants, who evolved one of the best strains of maize, valued all over the Middle West. He was, moreover, the editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, the periodical founded by his father, to which the agricultural population looked for guidance, both technical and political. It was characteristic of him that one of the chief aims of his Department was to organise the farmers in local lodges, which met regularly to exchange ideas. He was not content to plan and enforce orderly marketing; he was bent on getting his ideas accepted and understood by the most individualistic group in the most individualistic nation on earth. Step by step, more often by inducements than by orders, the supply of agricultural produce was adjusted to the demand, and prices rose again to a remunerative level. No less important was the procedure by which debts were scaled down and national credit employed to deliver the farmers from the heavy hand of the banks.

This was a big achievement, but it was far from satisfying Wallace. It was his habit to speak of it with an almost apologetic modesty. He had evolved a successful technique of planning and control, but his real ambition was to apply it to the promotion of an economy of abundance. As the years went on, his chief purpose was to make the American public aware of the defects in its standard of living, high though it seems to Europeans. He would produce, in speech after speech, the figures that revealed the chronic under-nourishment of the poorer strata of the population, especially in the Southern States. He would then go on to reckon out what even a modest increase in the income of these sweated urban workers would mean to the farmer in a rising demand for milk, fruit and meat. His ambition was to organise from every acre of American soil the maximum production. But before this could be done he realised, and taught his hearers to realise, that the product of industry must be better distributed. To bring this about the New Deal, keeping within the liberal tradition, went to work through such expedients as the fixing of a minimum wage and the promotion of collective bargaining.

As Secretary for Commerce, Wallace faced an even bigger task, for he had the intellectual courage to grasp it as an international problem. Looking forward to the coming of peace he realised, as few economic thinkers have yet done, that the biggest social objective which confronts mankind is to lift the level of life of the agricultural populations up to the standard of the industrial peoples. The details of the solution may vary as one passes in review China and the Balkans, India, Nigeria and Latin America. The problem must be approached from many angles: the stabilisation of the prices of foods and raw materials is one of them; mass-education is another. He was ready to back with enthusiasm the programme which Sir John Boyd Orr, a kindred spirit, has since put before us through the F.A.O. But his own chief contribution lay in the perception that all these backward societies of primary producers must be helped towards industrialisation. Whether in Bulgaria or Bengal, the root of the evil is the same—too many men, half-employed, are struggling with primitive tools to gain a bare subsistence from their dwarf holdings. The first rational step towards a happier future must be to relieve the pressure on the land by making for some of them an alternative employment in industry. The short-sighted American industrialist, like his British counterpart, would have perpetuated this essentially colonial economy as long as possible, in the hope of retaining for American industry the lion's share in supplying the backward agricultural regions with exported consumers' goods. Wallace, on the contrary, proposed that it should become the chief function and glory of American industry to equip these countries with machinery.

It was characteristic of Wallace that when he wrote and spoke on this subject, he thought not merely of the wealth that the looms and turbines would bring to these impoverished peoples; he stressed the quickening of the tempo of life and the new sense of self-confidence that comes to men when they feel their mastery over Nature. He was no less concerned to work out the conditions under which backward States may secure this mechanical equipment on easy terms of credit, without becoming the political satellites and dependants of the Great Power that supplies them. He had the enlightenment to understand that such a policy, boldly pursued through a generation in both Hemispheres, would be for America herself the surest guarantee of full employment. Thanks to his farmer's background, Wallace grasped what so few of us effectively understand—the inter-dependence on a world-wide scale of agriculture and industry. Neither can thrive if either is depressed. That was clear enough when Americans thought of the relationship between agricultural Iowa and industrial Massachusetts. What Wallace realised was that in the days to come Brazil and China will be as closely linked to the United States in one comity of interest as the Middle West is linked to Boston. In other words, he is an internationalist, who can see beyond his own frontiers. That is what the little minds meant who called him "a starry-eyed idealist."

The latest phase in this courageous career meant no break with the past. When Wallace came forward to deliver in public a boldly phrased corrective to the State Department's policies, he was fighting for the positive, constructive view of society which has always been his, whether it fell to him to organise farming or commerce. He saw that strategy now dominates all the dealings of America with other governments and peoples. Inevitably her vast resources are being applied, rather to mobilise a vast coalition against Communism and Russia, than to promote the development of the backward peoples. America's dollars will be used rather to buy allies than to raise the standards of life of the primary producers. And so he set himself to advocate an understanding with Russia and a prompt measure of general disarmament. The outlook has steadily worsened since Wallace delivered his historic speech in New York. Round the vast periphery of the Russian sphere from Poland and Hungary, through Greece and Turkey, to China and Korea there has started a struggle to roll back Russian influence. It may be that American power is so indisputable that it can assert itself for some time without formal war, though not without bloodshed. But the hope of a return to a constructive purpose in international relations depends, above all else, on the success of Henry Wallace in rallying American liberals for a new start. It is with that hope in our minds that British progressives will welcome him and do honour to his enlightenment and courage.

SWEDEN REGAINS REALITY

I FEEL almost qualified for membership of that distinguished wartime club for journalists—the "last out of Warsaw, Brussels, Rotterdam and Paris" lot, who escaped with their typewriters and their diaries, while the advancing Germans breathed hot on their necks. Returning from a B.E.T.R.O. assignment, I escaped from Stockholm before paradise was lost and reality regained. At 19.00 hours on March 15th, Axel Gjöres, Minister of Internal Economy, announced a general ban on imports of all non-essential goods into Sweden and the reimposition of coffee, tea and cocoa rationing. A week later, a modified petrol rationing was introduced by the provision that no new or unregistered cars might be put on the roads except for urgent business reasons. At the moment no motor cars, films, radios, carpets, canned foods, made-up clothing, or any of the hundred-and-one semi-necessary, semi-luxury articles which graced the Swedish shops four weeks ago may be imported.

The present ban is obviously a temporary measure to enable the Government to take stock of their rapidly deteriorating exchange position, and does not foreshadow the introduction of a policy of self-sufficiency. But there is no doubt that, once the new import regulations are published, Sweden will have ceased to be the exporters' inspiration and the tourists' paradise, and the standard of living may begin to bear some relation to that prevailing in the rest of Europe. The country will have to pay its way, step up its exports and wait for better times. At the moment there is a buying scare. There are long queues for nylons, which, before the ban, the Swedish women would not look at, even at 13s. a pair. Tinned fruit is being sold by the dozen cans, and housewives are busy stocking up on foods they think are likely to be rationed later on. The black market is rearing the ugly tips of its ears. All this again is likely to be a temporary matter, as the Swedes discover they are not in for a period of siege, but simply one of limited supplies.

Hoarding apart, most people will support the present measures. Indeed, there has been public pressure for some sort of import control and for measures to increase exports even at the expense of home consumption. An expansion of total production at the moment is made almost impossible by the two shortages of coal and man-power, which have been felt especially in the lumbering, paper and metal industries, on whose shoulders the main burden of the export drive must rest. Sweden is now only importing half her pre-war coal supplies, and her labour force, as in this country, is an ageing one, and tends to go into secondary and light industrial occu-

pations rather than into the basic industries. Nevertheless, much could be done to direct the output of Swedish factories to the export rather than to the domestic market. For example, Sweden used to produce about 280,000 tons of newsprint per annum before the war, of which about 190,000 was exported. Now production has fallen considerably, and exports are at about the level of 100,000 tons per annum. But domestic consumption has gone up from 85,000 tons to 128,000 tons. A cut in the allocation to the newspaper proprietors has recently been announced, but evidently has not yet had time to come into effect. The major Stockholm dailies still carry 17 sheets per issue. The big stores still wrap up your packages with exquisite paper, tie the string round, and then attach a little wooden handle to the end of the string. There are paper serviettes in the milk bars, and paper towels wherever there is a hot-and-cold basin. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la paix," you murmur to yourself, "or at least, not the sort of peace I've been used to." It is difficult to get away from this feeling of unreality during the first few weeks of your stay in Sweden. The fruits of victory were obviously to the neutrals in this war, but it comes as a surprise to see just how juicy the fruits are.

But I'm still talking about four weeks ago, and since then the Swedes have received the latest and most disturbing shock to their complacency. An earlier one was provided by the introduction of P.A.Y.E., which has been most unpopular. Hitherto the Swedes have paid their income tax at least one year in arrears, and as incomes have tended to rise their current tax bills have proved easier to pay than they would have been at the time the taxable income was earned. Now they are forced to pay high taxes from high incomes—an unwelcome development. Again, during the war many industrial companies were allowed to plough practically all their profits back into the business, and ended the war with their factories written off. The Government, in fact, had bought them their machinery and buildings. Now these same companies are liable for very heavy taxation, and extensions and improvements of their plant are severely restricted. Taxes on savings are also high, and above a certain level not only the whole of the interest but also the capital is liable for confiscation by the Government. This particular proposal of Wigforss, the Finance Minister, is being contested as illegal, and the outcome is uncertain as yet. It seems likely, however, that, in spite of opposition, this and the other Budget proposals will be carried through. The Conservatives and the Liberals, however, are riding high on the tide of popular discontent, and are making speeches which, even if they do not result in the Government's resignation, are aimed to change the Government at the general election next year.

If the present agitation were confined to those whose savings were to be taxed out of existence, whose estates were likely to be taken over by the State at their death, whose incomes were to be cut in half by current taxes, in other words, to the propertied classes, then one might discount the whole business. The Social-Democrats did not get in on the votes of these people, and their opposition will make no difference one way or the other. Such, however, is not the case. There is a very general opposition to the present Government from many middle-class and working-class voters, mainly on grounds of inefficiency. The Swedes are careful and provident people, and they like to see the same qualities in those who govern them. Although the present import restrictions are certainly necessary, and must be supported, the fact that they had to be imposed is evidence of very bad State housekeeping. So they argue. And if you get these ordinary people off their guard, they will probably tell you that there is a good deal too much "Krångelsverige" around nowadays, and they don't intend that it shall go on any longer than is absolutely necessary. "Krångelsverige," or "Sweden's trouble," is difficult to define, and can be applied to any particular activity of the Government of which you disapprove. Generally it means bureaucracy, interference, and red tape, and in particular the licensing laws. Alcohol is strictly rationed in Sweden, both in the purchases from the monopoly shops, and when consumed in restaurants; and inspectors are employed to see that the hotels and cafés keep within the law. All this makes the Swedes see red. On the other hand, if they are not the drinking type, "Krångelsverige" may mean the fact that they can only get off the tram at the recognised stopping places, and then only when the conductor opens the sliding doors.

All this sounds absolutely ridiculous to an outsider, particularly an Englishman who has been used to queueing, official forms and the rest for so long. But it is a minor neurosis to many Swedes, and is quite likely to influence their votes at the next election. The point seems to be that they are not convinced that such restrictions on their individual liberty are really necessary. We are clearly in a different position. The British Government can point to the American Loan, the Sterling Balance, the coal shortage, the bomb damage and so on, and we sigh, and tighten our belts philosophically. But what has the Swedish Government to point to? Only the fuel shortage and the present inexcusable shortage of foreign exchange. There is the inflation, of course, but, like a cat, everybody keeps an inflation round the place nowadays. The question is how big it is. Sweden's inflation is really nothing more than a kitten. Their economy is so fundamentally sound, and their people so hardworking and efficient, that we may expect them to weather this storm as they have weathered others in the past. As for the results of next year's elections, I do not have my crystal with me at the moment.

MARGO. WOOD

WRITTEN IN SAND

MUSTAPHA is an Egyptian student. Because there are, as yet, no hostels for the men students of Fouad 1st University, Mustapha shares a room with a couple of friends at the top of a tenement building right in the heart of the student colony at Giza. He is better off than most, for his father is the *omdah* of a village in Upper Egypt and in a position to send him as much as five pounds a month. His share of the rent comes to a pound and with the remaining four pounds he has to buy food, clothes and books. But the chances are that he spends as much on cigarettes and cinemas as he does on food, most of it going in the first week of the month when, of course, he is perfectly happy. He has been to the cinema twice, laid in a store of cigarettes, had a meal in a restaurant—it will be another month before he tastes meat again—and attended his lectures regularly. At the end of a fortnight his funds begin to run low. He eats less and drinks more tea—very strong, stupefying tea—and takes a longer sleep in the afternoon. The last week in the month he has to stint himself. Attendance at lectures becomes irregular and he shows a tendency to fall asleep during those he does attend. To him education means the acquisition of factual knowledge and success a job in a government office.

For all we hear of strikes and anti-British demonstrations, Mustapha is an engaging individual. He has the courage of the desperate, a strong sense of humour, an ingenuous will to good, an almost complete lack of general knowledge and an entirely commendable love for his own country. If he had lived a century ago the only community to which he would have had a sense of belonging (apart from his family) would have been Islam. Today he is aware that he belongs to a temporal society as well. And this "as well" is important, for there is more than a thread of religious fanaticism in his nationalism; the Jews are afraid and the Copts not confident. Because nationalism, in an extreme form, has passed out of fashion in England we tend to regard its modern manifestations as being deliberately fomented by party leaders for purely selfish ends. But there is no doubting the sincerity of Mustapha's patriotic protestations, nor the lengths to which he is prepared to go in support of them. So far as there is public opinion in Egypt, he is its voice. He has been known to overthrow governments and, what is even more audacious, publicly accuse the teaching staff of the Faculty of Medicine of laziness and incompetence. He has few delusions about the graft and corruption of Egyptian public life. There are two forces strongly at work in him: his cynicism (with which is coupled a most enervating sense of humour) and his mob idealism. He is vaguely conscious of the fact that there is a clash between the two, but there are few opportunities he will not take to avoid the labour of making the attempt to understand that clash, the cause of his frustration.

For when the University courtyard is filled with his cheering fellow-students, all the time that he is making his political speech, sustained and intoxicated by their rhythmic chanting, even when his voice is at its shrillest, there is a spot of calm within and Mustapha is remarking to himself: "See what I am doing? This is I, Mustapha, and I am leading this demonstration because it is my Will to do so. In all the long history of my country I have never previously exercised my Will but in self-will, in the family feud or the destruction of a sister who has dishonoured herself. My Will is the best part of me. Where can I drive it? If need be to political assassination. Or even to work all night without going to sleep, or to give up smoking, or to stand on one leg for an hour and a half! How far can my Will raise me above the level of apathy and laziness? May God give strength to my Will."

There is a great deal in his make-up that is synthetic, the product of a cerebral nature that is working overtime in protest against the impending indolence into which he feels himself sliding, into the smug impotence of a government official.

For once he has his degree and a government stool he thanks God for his twelve pounds a month and settles down into a premature middle age in which his sense of humour provides the only flicker of vitality. For he has arrived, he has achieved success, and all too frequently it turns him into a completely different kind of human being.

Take the case, for example, of the two Egyptian nurses who, not so long ago, were assaulted in the wards of Kasr-el-Aini hospital by a couple of doctors. The first doctor contented himself with a blow from his fist; but the other, a little more anti-feminist, kicked the other nurse in the abdomen, and she had to be admitted to a surgical ward. The authorities immediately suspended the second doctor for his unprofessional conduct, only to be met with a strike threat from the eighty or so house doctors, who were, it seems, strongly in sympathy.

For they had succeeded, they had arrived. No student, unless he be the nephew or the son of a pasha, can be certain about his future, but these doctors felt no restraining quiver of uncertainty, and had, therefore, no sense of common nationhood with their womenfolk or the disease-ridden mass of the Egyptian people.

Mustapha knows that this is where he is going. Hence his frustration, his desperation, the crisis of the will under which he lives during the four years of his studentship. Where have we British failed during the sixty or so years of our stay in his country that this should be so? There is, of course, a great deal that we can be proud of. Since 1883 Egypt has emerged from bankruptcy into governmental prosperity. God knows what, in the way of European advancement, railways, telephones, irrigation works and so on we have brought into the valley of the Nile. But have we touched the heart of the people? Have we, as Lord Cromer said we should, interpreted our mission in Egypt in the sense of benefiting the mass of the population? Or has our policy been

mainly one of putting Egypt into proper shape as a good investment for our money, as a useful military base, perfectly content so long as there is quiet in the country and no Egyptian members of the Gezira Sporting Club?

Cecil Alport was Professor of Clinical Medicine in the Faculty of Medicine at Cairo. There is no doubt about his opinion, for he has stated it very forcibly in a recently published book, *One Hour of Justice*. It was in 1943 that Professor Alport originally broke loose. Sickened by the criminal conditions existing in the Egyptian University hospitals, he publicly denounced them. For his pains he was accused, by the more reactionary of the Egyptian authorities, of being sick with hatred for Islam. He was offered an increase of salary to keep quiet. To their honour, let it be said that there were other prominent Egyptians who spoke far differently. But the serious aspect of Alport's indictment is that we, the British, have connived (through apathy) at the creation of conditions where the ordinary Egyptian regards admission to hospital as the equivalent of a sentence of death. It is not too much to say that these University hospitals depend directly for their status upon our own Royal College of Medicine and Royal College of Surgery. There is every reason to believe that, had the Royal Colleges decided that their recognition could not possibly continue until complete reform of the hospitals was carried out, a very great change would take place and a blow struck for the poor sick of a country over which, for sixty years, we have assumed responsibility.

But nothing is done and there now seems little prospect that anything will be done. The condition of Egyptian hospitals hardly comes within the scope of the struggle for advantage that make up international relations. That is why, when we leave Egypt, we do not leave the best of impressions behind and part of the reason why life is more bitter for Mustapha than there is real need.

P. H. NEWBY

SPANISH DANCER

As in the hand a sulphur-match,
white, before blazing, stretches into all directions
convulsive tongues— : her round dance starts,
precipitate, bright, hot, to spread convulsively
within the circle of the near spectators.

And suddenly it is completely flame.

Her glance inflames her hair,
and all at once, with daring art, she whirls
her whole attire into this conflagration
out of which stretch like frightened snakes
her bare arms, rattling and awake.

And then : as if the fire ran short
she takes it all together, flings it off
very imperiously and with a haughty gesture,
and gazes : raving, it lies on the ground,
and still it blazes and will not surrender—.
But sure, triumphant, with a sweet
saluting smile she lifts her face
and stamps it out with small firm feet.

(From *New Poems, Part I.* R. M. Rilke.
Translated by Ruth Speirs.)

The Arts and Entertainment

FRENCH TAPESTRIES

WHEN the most magnificent tapestries in the world are brought over to London from France, no suitable premises can be found in which to house them. This is a devastating comment on the poverty of our cultural life. The only accommodation we are able to offer them is an architectural white elephant bequeathed to us by our grandparents. We can hardly be blamed for this state of affairs. Unhappily the need for the Victoria and Albert Museum arose at a time when its function was misunderstood, and since money and material resources were not then lacking, the need was grotesquely satisfied. To-day we have grasped the principle that exhibition premises should be restful to the eye, plain and comfortable, that light should be strong and evenly distributed, that the size of rooms should bear some relation to the size of objects displayed in them—too late, because now we are too busy building houses for human beings to bother about houses for tapestries. Something surely could have been done between the two wars. What was Hyde Park doing, without its Orangerie or its Jeu de Paume? Or the South bank of the river, crying out for its Quai de Tokio? When every important American city from Boston (Mass) to Kansas found money enough for a cultural centre, why could not we Londoners have followed suit?

In face of every obstacle, Mr. Ashton and his assistant conjurors have transformed their dank Cathedral into a labyrinth of corridors and tabernacles, of silent chapels and spacious octagons, so skilfully that each room is adapted to the scale and character of the tapestries it contains. It might be argued that the *Vie Seigneuriale* and the *Dame à la Licorne* are too overpowering to be confined within such narrow limits, that it is impossible to retreat far enough from the *Legend of St. Stephen* to derive a general impression from this series, and that the *Life of the Virgin* from Rheims is tiresomely interrupted by Victorian columns; but the main problem has been solved. The dark-green tentage which acts as a background to the tapestries is sufficient to eradicate the memory of the vast Cathedral, and the visitor can stroll at his ease through the small prefabricated rooms, just as the child at Christmas, intimidated at first by the monstrous shop, finds himself suddenly at home in the miniature fantastic world of the bazaar, and glides happily in a boat through the sparkling tunnel until he emerges at the other end into a hall festooned with toys.

The tapestry is a toy devised for grown-up people: like the bazaar, its very unreality entices us, and takes possession of our minds. The authority invested in the painter to hollow out the flat surface of canvas, to create an illusion of space, to choose real life as his subject with all its passions and torments, explains the risk that his picture is constantly running of being mistaken for a fragment of reality glimpsed through a frame. But we never ask of a tapestry that it should resemble anything but itself, any more than we should wish the top spinning on the floor to look more like a horse or a man than a top. We all acknowledge instinctively the tapestry's special province, and know what disaster would ensue, if the weaver took it into his head to reproduce the appearance of flowers in space, instead of being content with a backcloth of flowers, set one above the other to form a design; or if he were to weave a sky complete with mottled clouds and tiny birds wheeling in the air; or if he were to plant his rabbits firmly on the ground instead of letting them dangle in space, at eye level, in ignorance of the laws of gravity.

The tapestry preserves its precarious balance between the diversity of nature and the fixed symbol. A secondary power, it hovers mid-way between the picture and the coat-of-arms. It may stray now and then into its neighbour's territory to right or left; it may try to rival the virtuosity of the one, or it may relapse into the rigidity of the other. But at its best, as the dawn of the Renaissance broke over Burgundy and the banks of the Loire, it came to rest in the centre where it belongs, bearing in triumph an independent language of its own. The great itinerant designers of the time knew how to exploit its potentialities and make a virtue of its limitations. They understood the need to flatten out the forms, to trace stencils or squash flowers flat on to the surface, and to lay one object beside another, in obverse and reverse, instead of attempting to relate one to the other in depth; and they appreciated the infinite variations in the pattern of the stencils, so that we never cease to be surprised by the gay intimacy of the heraldic animals, by a belt strapped to the waist of a monkey, by the docile expression on the face of a lion, supposedly rampant.

The idea of the tapestry as a toy for adults is obvious when we review the progress of the Noble Life or the Allegories of the Senses. But it is curious to observe in the harsher scenes of the "Apocalypse" from Angers, dating from the late fourteenth century, the same use of background as decoration, a more emphatic alternation of reds and blues than is to be found in the painting of the period, and the same treatment of foreground, not as a receding plane, but as a raw diagram, sliced open, as it were, to demonstrate the different strata of subsoil. More surprising still, when we consider their opulence and technical complexity, is an echo of the old tradition in the Gobelins tapestries of the *Grand Siècle*: I refer to the decorative intentions behind the shells and plants on the shore in "Water," a tapestry from the Castle at Pau, and to a certain toy-like quality in the warship, not cleaving the waves but resting on them, innocently, in a way which manages to make even Claude with his innocent brush look wise. A deliberate effort was made by the Beauvais factory at the end of the seventeenth century to return to the two-dimensional style, and in our own day Lurçat and his friends have reached back over the intervening centuries, to seek inspiration in the clear rhythms of the late Middle Ages.

I have already written in this column of Lurçat as a designer of tapestries. But it was not on him that I meditated as I passed into the Brompton Road. I was haunted by the memory of the Dame à la Licorne, with her island of earth floating like a magic carpet in a red sky studded with animals and flowers; and very slowly, as I approached Knightsbridge, the sky rose like a list of actors at the beginning of a film, revealing new patterns and new juxtapositions as surprising as before—until the island, subsiding with a sigh into the wedge-shaped notches waiting to receive it, became one with the mainland; and the unicorn cantered clumsily away.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

SINCE hearing of the tragically sudden death of Victor Hely-Hutchinson I have been asking myself how many of those who glut themselves on the endless banquet of music offered by the B.B.C. realise what they owe to the late Director of Music. Very few, I believe—and not so much because Hely-Hutchinson was by nature a musical Tory who was wise enough to leave the *avant-gards* to his younger or more adventurous subordinates, as because the character of a really able administrator benefits by avoidance of publicity. A longish professional career may have convinced him of the advantages of impenetrability, but in fact this quality was always his, although his manner was that of a cheerful, unpretentious, kindly extrovert. There is something innate about professionalism in any sphere: even as a small boy, Victor had nothing of the dilettante in him. When I first made his acquaintance (it was in 1915) he astonished me by his knowledge of musical construction, and by his complete indifference to the composers—Debussy, Scriabine, Strauss—whose audacities were agitating me and other of his schoolfriends in those days. I should not care to affirm that Victor maintained this attitude consistently in later life; but I think it would be true to say that, although he might respect "modern" music and wish to give it *Lebensraum*, he never really liked it. In company with his master, Donald Tovey, he belonged to the classical German tradition, and for him the development of music virtually ended with Max Reger. I do not want to make too much of this point here, but rather to emphasise the thoroughness of Hely-Hutchinson's knowledge and love of the kind of music he understood. He was essentially a practical musician, a born *Intendant*, but without the tiresome qualities (pompous self-assurance, humourlessness, and love of intrigue) which used to mar the careers of so many German directors of musical life. It was natural that he should compose, for to do so is part of the personality of a complete musician. Even Victor's earliest compositions (I recall some of these quite vividly) were extraordinarily assured in style and technique. Of course, there was nothing original about them—and there is nothing original about the Symphony we heard last week (it might be by Goetz, that charming and far from contemptible minor composer); but within its narrow limits Hely-Hutchinson's music is irreproachable. In the best sense *Gebrauchsmusik*, it is never stupid, vulgar or affected, as more ambitious compositions by uninspired musi-

cians so often are; and at its best—e.g., in the slow movement of the Symphony—it has a shy but firm tenderness which is truly moving.

The Silver Cord was an excellent choice for celebrating the 200th production of Saturday Night Theatre. I sometimes suspect that those responsible for this very popular feature count on escaping the opossum ear of the radio critic. They must have known they could not do so this time, and their best foot, neatly shod, with laces beautifully tied and toe-cap agleam, came confidently forward. Sidney Howard's uncomfortable play made very effective radio, with no dull patches, no gawky evidences of adaptation, and none of those attempts to surmount the limitations of the microphone, which only succeed in drawing attention to them and thus disrupting the aural field. All the characters were ably conveyed; but, of course, it was a field-day for Miss Gladys Young—and richly she deserved it! The portrait of Mrs. Phelps, which gave us all pins and needles when Dame Lilian Braithwaite brought it to life (well over twenty years ago), was drawn by Miss Young with emphasis on the intellectual stupidity of the possessive mother—a clever stroke, I thought, and not the only one in this brilliant performance. I betray no secrets by stating categorically that Miss Young disposes of a more varied range of guns than any other radio actress. These were all fired at some time or other last Saturday night, and they were deadly accurate. A wickedly beautiful performance, to which, however, the whole production was entirely equal.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Well-Digger's Daughter," at the Rialto.
"Pontcarral," at the Academy.
"The Man Within," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

At the Rialto—after how many surprising months!—*Les Enfants du Paradis* at last makes way for another French piece, which should, if popularity goes for anything, run even longer. Not that *The Well-Digger's Daughter* (to adopt its English title) is a better film, far from it; but the popular appeal is there, and delightful indeed is this country tale of a family of daughters, of the innocent girl lost, of morals outraged and at last triumphing. Sentimental, if you like, compared with Pagnol's earlier and ever-green *La Femme du Boulanger;* I wish, myself, that there were a good deal more such sentiment in films, and less of that cynical advertisement of it that passes, like false teeth, for the genuine thing.

Raimu gives again (and now for the last time) a great, perhaps his greatest, performance. Magnificently, from his well-blasting on a hillside, he emerges in the Provençal sun to pat and rage at an apprentice (Fernandel); he cherishes unmentionable secrets of his craft; his widowed tribe of daughters, Wordsworthily, are severe. But he wants an heir. And in due course the eldest, a paragon of untouched beauty (Josette Day) is about to provide him with one—got without husband. Then, all that earthly geniality turns to wrath. What! (He has all the old peasant's feeling about the matter.) She can't marry? Then go she must. The remainder of the story, coaxingly, comically, brings him round to the point where he sallies out to fetch the brat home, and a marriage with white gloves, if a little overdue, will drown all.

The film has plenty of faults. Its photography, dating back to 1940, preserves at times a faded pastoral look. There are one or two melodramatic intrusions (the "husband's" return from war). Many of the scenes—and the film as a whole—go on too long and too immovably. Such faults, however, while taking us below the humming level of *La Femme du Boulanger*, do not at all destroy the delectable merits: Provence and its people; Raimu and the others who act, within their parts, almost as well; a simplicity of feeling that is realised everywhere in gestures, telling speech, outbursts of force, pathetic *rallentandos*. To find moments as touching as, for example, the churchward Sunday morning, with the girl trailing up the other road to the station, one would have to go, in films, a long way indeed.

Some Frenchmen continue to draw a line between those films that resist and those that admit defeat: *L'Eternel Retour* falls, it appears, into the second category, *Pontcarrel* into the first. Both are the work of a single director, Jean Delannoy. The distinction may be lost on an outsider. *Pontcarral, Colonel d'Empire* with its celebration of a Napoleonic hero living through years of disgrace, did obviously sustain the feelings of Resistance, but the appeal to Napoleonism is perhaps (if one must append political labels) only Fascism of a better order. The film itself succeeds admirably in its curiously Romantic genre. Pierre Blanchar, as the incorruptible soldier of honour, gives one of his passionate saint-like studies, and here reminds us, if more ferociously, of Lermontov's Hero. The incidents have been staged, tersely, to throw a dramatic character into relief, and I must admit that I found wholly absorbing this adult, intelligent, skilful, fiercely hagiographic piece.

The Man Within, an English film taken from an early Graham Greene novel, is in its way no less admirable. It did not, in prospect, promise much, with a tale of Sussex smugglers, technicolor, and the directing hand that made *The Magic Bow*. But, instantly, we were plunged into a dramatic narrative—confession under torture— and dramatic narrative of a high order it remained, as quick, tense, and compelling as that of the early scenes in *Great Expectations*. I am inclined to think *The Man Within* the better contrived film; it never loses tension, to the end; and Graham Greene's obsession with human character and conscience supplies an unwonted motive power. In quick action we see the crisis in a youth's life—his unwilling presence on the smuggler's boat, his betrayal of his comrades, murder, King's evidence then the access of courage by which under torture, he refuses to give away the man who had been his mentor. Richard Attenborough as the runaway, Michael Redgrave as the mentor, Joan Greenwood and Jean Kent as sheltering women of opposite kinds, add distinction to a beautifully played piece. The director is Benard Knowles. I should like to persuade everyone who shied away from the pretty unhistorics of *The Magic Bow* to pay a visit to *The Man Within*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BEGGAR'S PITCH

IN a superficial view there are too many concerts in London; at any rate, far too many under-rehearsed repetitions of the Tchaikovsky, Grieg and Rachmaninov concertos. I have sometimes thought that the most logical and most profitable way of allowing this particular mania to work itself out would be to hire a theatre, a third-rate orchestra and several third-rate pianists, turn out the lights and put the whole thing on a non-stop basis, so that the addict with a few hours to spare could drop in at any moment, as though into the Windmill, and stagger out again when the cycle began to repeat itself. Meanwhile, the rest of us could be getting on with something more sensible, and after ten years or so might even find it possible to enjoy a fresh view of those battered romantic torsos.

At present, however, Gresham's Law is in full operation, and bad concerts are driving out the good. An over-exploited market and the all-round increase of expenses combine to make things harder and harder for the more enterprising sort of promoter, such as Boyd Neel, Gerald Cooper or Nicholas Choveaux of St. Bartholomew's. Since the virtual disappearance of the Boosey and Hawkes concerts, and the conversion of the Philharmonic Arts Club into a propaganda agency for the L.P.O., contemporary music in particular has been going through a lean time. It is true that the B.B.C., and in particular the Third Programme, do their best to keep us acquainted with the new music of the day; but it is undesirable, I

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The Journal of the British Institute of Philosophy

Vol. XXII No. 81

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think, that one institution, however important and benevolent, should exercise a monopoly in this field. Apart from the valuable but frankly experimental Committee for the Promotion of New Music, the only organisation which regularly undertakes the task of performing new music live, before a live audience, is the London Contemporary Music Centre; and it is on behalf of this body that I should like to make a modest appeal.

The L.C.M.C. wishes to extend its activities and put them on a sounder financial basis, which means that it must enlarge its membership. There is no reason why it should fail to do so, for already it offers very good value for money. An annual guinea admits the member to monthly studio meetings, as well as to the six public concerts, which have recently been transferred to the Wigmore Hall; it also provides access to the Centre's library of contemporary music on deposit at Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes, and confers the right to borrow a certain number of modern scores from the Chester Music Library. But the Centre deserves support on more idealistic grounds also: it is the British branch of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and under Edwin Evans and Professor Dent it has in the past played, not just a highly distinguished, but a leading part in that organisation; it would be a misfortune if straitened circumstances should prevent its continuing to do so. Nor should its support be the concern of the interested amateur only; conductors, performers, critics, students and teachers of composition, and the leaders of the musical profession generally—all these ought surely to belong to the L.C.M.C. as a matter of course. If any reader wishes to demonstrate his agreement with this point of view, the address is c/o Novello and Co., Ltd., 160 Wardour Street, W.1.

It never rains but it pours. Another musical appeal has recently been launched, this time by the English Opera Group (from 295 Regent Street), who are in effect Messrs. Britten, Crozier and Piper, composer, producer and designer respectively of last year's *Rape of Lucretia*. Anxious to achieve financial independence, the Group plans to produce at Glyndebourne next June, together with a revival of *Lucretia*, Britten's new comic opera *Albert Herring* (of which I have been allowed to see Mr. Crozier's extremely amusing libretto); thereafter they intend, not only to tour these works at home and abroad, but to produce new operas by other composers, and generally to stimulate the long-overdue collaboration of our best composers with our best poets, playwrights and painters. As working capital for these exciting plans they are in urgent need of £12,000; it is the kind of scheme which ought to appeal to wealthy corporations as well as to the not yet extinct individual patron of the arts; and I am glad to say that a private subscriber has already broken the ice to the generous extent of £2,000. If a mute, inglorious Ludwig should chance to read these lines, he will recognise his cue.

And now I must pick up alms-bowl and crutch, and hobble off. . . . Thank you, sir! God bless you, lady!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

STIFF ODE FOR THE UPPER LIP

No time for the elegant elegies
of salt-eyed thinkers.
No time for mourning now, with the marrow
squeezing its thrill of tears, the morrow
hung with its crepe and blinkers.

No time for the dirge and the dragnet now,
or the myrtle sonnet:
you can wear a wreath, you can bear a pall,
you can lie down and turn a long face to the wall—
but there's writing on it.

Too long have we polished our epitaphs,
or mooned at the bar,
or tied ourselves up in the condemned cell,
rehearsed our last words, when we knew very well
the door was ajar.

Yes, or No; we've the will to decide
and the strength to bind it.
Our war-head crowned with its new veneration
can cease lamenting the Lost Generation,
can go and find it.

Sorrow is water, and passion oil;
the two aren't mixers.
We've rusted our eyeballs with too much grieving,
it's time to be loving again, for believing
in life's elixirs.

Then let's have no more In Memoriams
or Black-out Blues;
if it's words you want, they've got to be ja,
or oui, or si, or yes, or da,
or, by God, it's the end of the news.

LAURIE LEE

To ensure securing a copy of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, readers are recommended to place a definite order with their newsagent.

Correspondence

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—I agree with Konni Zilliacus about the reduction of "commitments" and I agree that a Socialist Government ought not, and cannot afford, to maintain forces and armaments on the scale proposed in the Defence White Paper. But, with real respect, I must say that Tommy's question still remains—"What would you do, chum?"

He knows what sort of foreign policy he wants and what kind of an army is needed. And I think he knows too that such an army cannot, and ought not to, be raised by voluntary enlistment. Full employment today must mean the attraction of the youngest and fittest into the most productive occupations.

When Zilliacus abstains from approving Mr. Bevin's foreign policy, people understand that he wants a different policy, and from his speeches they can find out what it is. When, however, he votes against the National Service Bill and approves an amendment sponsored by conscientious pacifists, do people understand that he does not necessarily want a different policy for raising an army? From his article they know that he is emphatically reiterating his protest against the trends of foreign policy and its cost in terms of "defence," but the question raised by Crossman and Wigg still remains—how should a Socialist Government pursuing a policy of full employment raise an efficient and democratic army? And, as I see it, there is only one answer to this question.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

House of Commons, S.W.1.

WRITERS AND THE STATE

SIR,—The discussion in your columns on the subject of State aid for young writers, arising from Mr. Pritchett's article on Rupert Brooke's discourse, is of considerable general interest, involving much more than the personal affluence and comfort of a number of young writers. As a person of the under-thirty-five generation partly occupied in authorship, I should like to offer several comments.

The impossibility of equitably and usefully selecting deserving persons makes the State scholarship or subsidy idea very unsatisfactory; though there may be something to be said in favour of public expenditure on a small proportionate augmentation of the royalties from certain types of books. State aid for authors, however, might take several other forms.

First, many people trying to embark on individual

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creative work as artists, authors or composers would be very grateful for part-time jobs of various kinds. Nearly all jobs today tend to monopolise the whole life and energies of the employee; but there must be many who would gladly do half a week's work for half a week's pay if they might spend the other half of the week on their own creative work. The present tendency is to crush out any such part-time jobs that remain. It is easily possible for the State, in an age of expanding public services and increasing nationalisation, to extend such opportunities for creative workers to earn a subsistence wage while trying out their own necessary artistic experiments.

Secondly, every free-lance ought to get improved income tax consideration. In view of his lack of security in the form of a regular salary, the free-lance is compelled to allocate part of his income to capital investment. He requires a reservoir of capital to carry him over the lean years and to replace the pension schemes generally available to most salaried professional people. With his insecure and fluctuating income, he will often prefer not to do this by committing himself to liability for regular insurance premiums. This need of the author or artist ought to be met by some extension of the personal allowance and/or the lower rate of assessment, when total net income falls below a certain amount in a given year. In any case, the present personal allowance and the allowances for wife and child are absurd for all of us.

Thirdly, the author ought to receive a larger share of the profits of his work. How this is to be brought about I honestly don't know; but the present position is not equitable. A typical publisher's agreement will give an author perhaps 10 per cent of the retail price on the first 2,000 copies of his work that are sold, 15 per cent on further sales up to 10,000 and 20 per cent thereafter. Calculate the author's earnings on a moderately successful eight-and-sixpenny work of imaginative literature on which he has spent most of a year's work and of which perhaps 4,000 to 6,000 copies are sold, and you will see that all is not well. The booksellers, I understand, get 33⅓ per cent of the retail price.

Finally, I should like to urge that, in considering this question, too much attention should not be given to the circumstances of, say, G. B. Shaw and a number of other well-known and highly successful people. In the present connection we are less concerned with the exceptional position of the top two hundred names in modern British literature and more with the mass of the five thousand or so names which fall behind them in present status but from which they and their successors emerge.

HUGH SHEARMAN

36 Cliftonville Road,
Belfast.

SIR,—That Mr. Pritchett's article was well-timed is, I think, borne out by the fact that the B.B.C. Brains Trust of a month or so back was discussing precisely the same point. In both cases it seemed to be generally agreed that some sort of State endowment of the creative artist—not the writer only, of course, but also the painter, the sculptor and the composer—is rapidly becoming essential if these useful members of the community are to continue much longer to function. What also was common ground was the awkward mechanics of the business, because of the obvious difficulty that State-patronised art will probably be bad, and will certainly be conventional.

It does occur to me, however, that if the State were really anxious to assist the artist, there is a perfectly simple way in which it can do so, namely by granting to him special discriminatory rates and allowances in respect of his Income Tax, whether earned by his artistic activities, or in other employment, or unearned, up to a certain statutory maximum—which need not be high. To do this two things would be necessary. The first is to accept the principle that the State is not competent to differentiate between "good" artists and "bad" ones: it has to be all or nothing if one is to avoid the dead hand of official control. The second essential is to provide some means of establishing who is, and who is not, a *bona fide* artist; by which, of course, one does not necessarily mean a person whose entire livelihood is derived from the practice of his art. It does not seem to me impossible that such classification could be arrived at in co-operation with what are, in effect, the trades unions of the various arts—the Authors' Society and similar bodies.

OLIVER STONOR

Bixley Haven,
Woodbury, Exeter.

EMERGENCY TEACHERS

SIR,—The Government has, over the last three years, stressed the vital urgency of implementing the 1944 Education Act. The raising of the school-leaving age to 15 has become a fact.

In the reforms envisaged, a broader education will be the right of every child in schools with brighter surroundings and smaller classes.

Mr. R. A. Butler, when he was Minister of Education, stated that a minimum of 70,000 new teachers was required to commence the scheme, yet the number of emergency teachers awaiting or in training does not exceed 40,000—and many ex-Servicemen who completed their war service during the last six months have been informed that the waiting period before training begins is 18 months and more!

Already 3,200 men and women have altered their minds and gone into other occupations, and many more are likely to follow suit through the sheer necessity of having to support a family.

Most men and women awaiting training are young and eager and would have a rejuvenating effect on the teaching profession, but waiting will kill much of the enthusiasm unless something definite is done to keep this large, keen reservoir intact.

The eight secretaries representing 1,200 London E.T.C. candidates make the following proposals:—

(1) Candidates be given a more definite idea of how long each must wait before training begins.

(2) A maximum of one year be the period of waiting from date of acceptance.

(3) That in order to fufil (2) more E.T.C. colleges be opened.

(4) As an emergency measure, some ordinary two years Training Colleges be converted to one year E.T.C. Colleges where possible to relieve the long waiting list.

(5) Salaries of temporary E.T.C. student teachers be supplemented by special grants, to make them comparable with candidates in college and so relieve many from a financial burden and encourage others to become temporary teachers.

The task that is upon the shoulders of most teachers today of having to take classes numbering in many cases fifty and more children is harmful to both teacher and pupils. This position could be relieved sooner if E.T.C. students were given more encouragement by the immediate adoption of the proposals outlined.

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S. TEMPLE
A. REES
L. A. GILBERT
G. E. T. HOLLOWAY

THE FRENCH COMMUNISTS

SIR,—May I add to Archibald Robertson's reply to Mr. Koestler about the French Communist Party—relying, not on memory vitiated by the police propaganda and corrupt French press of 1939, but on the cold facts of sifted news reporting?

The French Communists never called on the people to "sabotage the Rich Man's War": not a single statement of theirs made any such appeal. The very last issue of *l'Humanité* before its suppression on August 25th, 1939, carried a C.P. manifesto denouncing Hitlerite Fascism as "the most bestial and chief fomenter of war." But it also exposed the Munichites and future Vichy-ites, and called for Socialist-Communist unity against the pro-Fascists: and that was its "crime."

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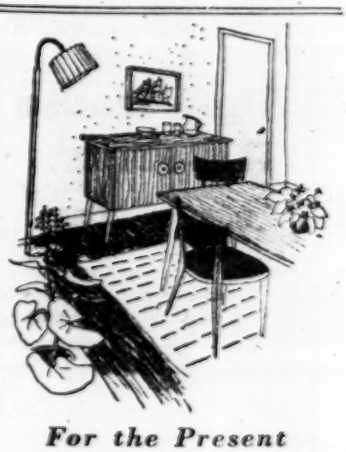

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The French Communists never called upon the people to refuse to fight in 1939 or 1940, nor did they try "to turn French soldiers into deserters." Their members and leaders, including Thorez, answered the mobilisation call like other Frenchmen. They went into hiding only when Daladier, on October 4th, 1939, in defiance of the Constitution, began arresting Communist M.P.s by dozens while they were still entitled to Parliamentary immunity—and on the charge, not of any activity outside Parliament, but of daring as a group to send a letter to the President of the Chamber of Deputies asking for a discussion of peace possibilities. This was on October 1st, 1939, when the "phoney" war was in full swing, and the largest French trade unions had already been dissolved because their Communist leaders would not "repudiate" the Soviet-German pact.

The Communist leaders in France called for resistance, not when the U.S.S.R. was attacked in June, 1941, but in their memorable manifesto of July, 1940, issued illegally (and published here shortly afterwards), when the vast majority of their persecutors had become agents of Vichy, i.e., of the Gestapo. The call was taken up by the illegal *l'Humanité* and by the secret Popular Committees, formed in the French factories on Communist initiative to replace the trade unions, which had finally collapsed after the German occupation. By October, 1940, there were underground workers' resistance and sabotage groups, for example, in the Paris industrial suburbs like St. Denis, Billancourt and Clichy. It was 300 leaders of these, mainly Communists, who were arrested by the Vichy police on October 5th, 1940. In May, 1941, there was the big miners' strike of Pas-de-Calais and the Nord, in which hundreds of Communists played an active part; and that month the French Communist Party appealed for a National Front to fight for French independence, uniting all resistance forces.

39 Hillway, N.6. ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

SIR,—Winifred Trench is at liberty to express whatever view she chooses on Larkin, Connolly and the Irish Labour movement. She is not entitled, however, to speak for Socialists in general; she is not even, to the best of my knowledge, a representative of any Labour Party or trade union branch. I therefore feel impelled to question the sweeping statements contained in the last paragraph of her article, "The Plough and the Stars."

Miss Trench writes :—

> The failure of the (Labour) movement is not, of course, to be ascribed merely to the lack of unity. To a Socialist it is evident that the cause lies deep in the history of the last thirty years, in Labour's early failure to differentiate its aims from those of the Nationalist movement, and to oppose it with increasing sharpness as it became obvious that the democratic programme of the First Dail was mere window-dressing. Even Connolly's judgment in leading the Citizen Army into Easter Week appears now open to question.

As editor of the official Labour Party paper, I claim to have some knowledge of the views of my readers and I assure Miss Trench that some 80 per cent of them regard Nationalism as a necessary step on the road to Socialism; they are Republicans because they are Socialists and Socialists because they are Republicans. To me it is impossible to separate the two creeds which are aspects of the same thing—the freedom of the worker from exploitation, whether it be manufactured at home or abroad.

Connolly wrote :—

> As the separate individual is to the family so the separate nation is to humanity. The perfect family is that which best draws out the inner powers of the individual; the most perfect world is that in which the most separate existence of nations is held most sacred.

Before true internationalism was possible there must be individual freedom between nation and nation. Believing this, it was inevitable that Connolly, the Marxist, should join the 1916 rising and that his action should be endorsed by no less a Socialist than Lenin. Believing this, it is logical that progressive minds today will support Pandit Nehru in his struggle for a free India. Not because Congress is a Socialist party, but because national freedom is a necessary step to economic freedom.

I believe that Labour in Ireland must identify itself with the Republican movement, not withdraw from it. De Valera maintains his power because he still has one hand on the green flag of Republicanism and the people have not yet realised that the vested interests his government has created are one of the chief barriers to national sovereignty and the ending of partition.

Friendship and co-operation between Labour north and south of the Border and in England are greatly to be desired. In fact they exist already to a very large degree. The task of Labour in Southern Ireland is not helped, however, by the tacit support given by the British Government to Sir Basil Brooke's quasi-Fascist administration in the Six Counties. Brotherhood between peoples must rest on the basis of equality; comradeship is the spontaneous gift of one free man to another.

Dublin. SHEILA GREENE (Editor *Irish People*)

B.B.C. RELIGION

Sir,—While acknowledging the courteous tone of the letter of the Vice-Chairman of the Christian Evidence Society, and welcoming his suggestion that other than orthodox credal views on religion should be given an opportunity of statement on the wireless—a reasonable concession which would remove much of the present abuse—I cannot agree that the result would be, as he supposes, to vindicate the atonement teaching of the churches.

There is surely enough in the direct teachings and admonitions of Jesus—generally by-passed by the credalists as impractical for the Christian Church, without this untenable atonement theory. In support of that I have a letter from an Edinburgh clergyman thanking me for my letter and supporting my complaint. Even if there were any acceptable evidence in support of the atonement creed—which there is not—it must be objectionable to any reasonable mind. In this Christian country what judge would accept the hanging of an innocent person as a substitute for a condemned murderer? The whole meaning and justification of punishment is lost in such a proposition.

Is the Omnipotent limited to one "Son?" Is not the whole universe with all its creatures due to the creative power of the Almighty? The Church also states that Jesus was God. Did God sentence Himself to death? Then we are told Jesus did not really die. The whole theory of the atonement is bound not only to give a false and pernicious impression of the Almighty, but to debauch the sensitive elementary reasoning powers of the child, an injury from which many never fully recover. Why should this heathenish idea of sacrifice, a survival from a barbarous age, have the exclusive support of the B.B.C.? It is time it was stopped.

Edinburgh. J. W. HERRIES

OBITER DICTA

SIR,—Critic attributes to the late Mr. Commissioner Kerr a homily that was surely the dictum of W. St. J. Arabin, judge of the ancient Sheriff's Courts for Poultry Compter and Giltspur Street Compter, and sometime Judge-Advocate-General. This dignitary—supposedly the original of Sergeant Stubbins—was recorded by a contemporary to have declared: "If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this of persons acting in concert together, this case is that case." A. J. BRAYSHAW

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Scottish ballads are among the most moving of poetry. To people who like them, naturally. There are plenty who do not, repelled by the dialect, or by the doggerel contained in many of them. The language problem is much exaggerated, especially when it is pleaded by men who make nothing of tackling Greek, Old French, or the private codes of the moderns. The ballads are, in fact, much simpler to read than Chaucer. Their language is not broad Scots—there are a number of districts today where a far broader idiom is used,—but the educated or "gentle" Scots of their time. It was modified, too, by the passage across the centuries. The tales were sung by minstrels all over the country, in castles and taverns and on village greens, and while they had to be understood by every class, no doubt the castle audiences gave the best largesse. And the minstrels certainly did not sing in accents too archaic for comprehension. The Battle of Otterbourne was fought in 1388; but the ballad about it is in the Scots—as I judge—of the seventeenth century, when the time of the minstrels was drawing to its end.

Doggerel is a real obstacle, and it takes familiarity to deal with it. Then one either skips it, or accepts it as an easy ringing memorable way of telling a tale in verse. Memorable it is. Think of Johnny Armstrong, facing the sentence of James V, whom he visited under truce:

> "To seik het water beneath cauld ice
> Surely it is a greit folie—
> I have asked grace at a graceless face,
> But there is nane for my men and me.
>
> "But had I kenn'd ere I cam' fra hame,
> How thou unkind wadst been to me,
> I wad have keepit the Border side,
> In spite of all thy force and thee!"

Then too, many recurrent verses, like the refrains, are there as incantation. The whole audience would sing the refrains. The well-known verses, like the epithets in Homer, would exercise the mesmeric effect of any ritual repetition. There is one which makes me laugh as a commentary on medical fashion, recalling Mrs. Blimp saying "My dear! I never could bear to have a woman doctor!" It comes in the frequent tales of a baby born in the woods, with none to help but its father. Its mother, equally reactionary with Mrs. Blimp, always says:

> "It never was my mother's custom,
> And it never shall be mine,
> To have a man stand by my bedside,
> When a woman drees her pyne."

Even after the last minstrel had laid by his harp, the ballads were still sung or spoken by high and low. They never went out of fashion in literary Scotland, and the eighteenth century turned to them as change and relief from the over-elegance of contemporary poetry. Alexander Carlyle writes of 1750:

> It was from his having heard Mrs. Janet Denoon sing the old ballad of "Gil Morrice" that Home first took his idea of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Some of the best ballads were composed late; *Helen of Kirkconnel* in the seventeenth century, and *The Marchioness of Douglas* after 1670. At all events, Scotland never lost the wood-note, and the lyrical strain of Burns, Hogg and Scott was in the main stream of its tradition, not as with the Lake Poets, a conscious and antiquarian revival. It should be noted however that the eighteenth-century Scots, when they tried to write ballads as such, were nearly as unsuccessful as the English.

But of course it was not their mere simplicity which caused the ballads, once they began to be printed, to run like a fire through the literary world. It was the quality of their poetry. I have often wondered how it came about that these popular rhymed narratives, every now and then, kindle into flamy song. And with respect to the great company of the learned alive and dead, who have collected, collated, and loved the ballads, I offer at least one possible explanation.

The potency of the ballads lies, or so I think, in the fact that they were sung, not written. Even the long ones were chanted, to a stringed accompaniment.

> "Harp and carp, True Thomas!" she said,
> "Harp and carp along wi me."

That is "Harp and tell," the Queen of Faerie speaking to a minstrel according to his trade. The impact of the ballad is direct upon the ear; it must be immediate, clear, containing in its words not only meaning but feeling. It was, it is curious to think, the forerunner of the wireless, and solved a problem of technique which the modern poets who write for radio have scarcely approached.

It is this which accounts for the economy of the ballads; they can say more in a short space than any other poetry.

> High upon Hielands and high upon Tay,
> Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.
> Wi' saddle and bridle sae gallant rade he,—
> Hame cam his guid horse, and never cam he.

Or the *Bonnie Earl o' Moray*:

> He was a braw gallant,
> And he rade at the ring,
> And the bonnie Earl o'Moray
> He micht hae been a king.
>
> O! lang may his Lady look
> Frae the Castle Doune
> Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
> Cam soonding through the toun.

Shock and lament are as plain in those heavy syllables of the *Bonnie Earl* as hate and despair are in the *Milldams of Binnorie*: when the elder sister has pushed the younger into the river:

> "O sister, sister, reach your hand"
> Binnorie, O Binnorie,
> "And ye shall be heir of half my land."
> By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
> "Shame fa' the hand that I should take!"
> Binnorie, O Binnorie,
> "It's twined me and my heart's make"
> By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
> "Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair"
> Binnorie, O Binnorie,
> "Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."
> By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
> (Twined=parted; make=mate)

There is nothing at which the ballads are more apt than in the expression of supernatural fear; they can run down the spine like an icy finger:

> "But I hae dreamed a dreary dream
> Beyond the Isle o' Skye
> I saw a dead man win a fight
> And I think that man was I."

With that word Douglas sets the doom of Otterbourne. How weary is the plea of Clerk Saunders, dead, for release from his earthly love:

> "Cauld mould is my covering now,
> But and my winding-sheet
> The dew it falls no sooner down
> Than my resting-place is weet.
>
> "But plait a wand o' bonnie birk
> And lay it on my briest"—

But the supreme quality of the ballads is evocation. They are full of imagery, and it is always significant. By a word, by a phrase, they call up a picture so vivid and universal that it moves the heart with feeling long familiar. It is strange that the effect of these lines is not that of the commonplace, but of stirring deep emotion. By this means the ballads achieve what all poetry must strive for, for they attune the hearer with the song. There is a curse, for instance, in the tale of the girl who is to be hanged, and who appeals to her father, her mother, and finally to her sister to "Pay her fee" and redeem her. I quote from a memory thirty years old, for I have failed to find this variant, told me by a friend, in the books. The sister refuses, and the girl cries:

> "Gae hame, gae hame, my titty sister,
> Gae hame and saw your seam!
> And I wish that your needle point may break,
> And the craws pyke out your een!"

Nothing could be more savage than that curse of the needle point, nor better felt by every woman.

One could go on quoting for ever, and every ballad-lover will cap my choice of the moving verse:

> She's taen her young son in her arms,
> And to the door she's gaen;
> And long she knocked and sore she cried,
> But answer got she nane.
>
> "O open the door, Lord Gregory!
> O open and let me in!
> For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
> And the rain draps o'er my chin."
> *Annie of Lochroyan*
>
> "I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
> Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
> And if we gang to sea, Master,
> I fear we'll come to harm."
> *Sir Patrick Spens*
>
> O they rade on, and farther on,
> And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
> And they saw neither sun nor moon,
> But they heard the roaring of the sea.
> *Thomas the Rhymer*
>
> I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
> I watched the corpse, myself alane;
> I watched his body, night and day;
> No living creature cam that way.
>
> I took his body on my back,
> And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat,
> I digged a grave and laid him in,
> And happed him with the sod sae green.
> *The Lament of the Border Widow*
>
> "I charge ye all, ye mariners,
> When ye sail ower the faem,
> Let neither my father nor mother get wit
> But that I'm coming hame"
>
> "O little did my mother ken,
> The day she cradled me,
> The lands I was to travel in,
> Or the death I was to dee."
> *Mary Hamilton*
>
> "O had I wist before I kist
> That love had been sae ill to win,
> I'd locked my heart wi a key o' gold
> And pinned it wi a siller pin."
> *The Marchioness of Douglas's Lament*

Most of all, in the finest, perhaps, and certainly the most terrible of the ballads, *Edom of Gordon*, the remorse of the villain when the little girl, thrown from the burning castle, falls on his spear and dies:

> Then wi his spear he turned her ower,
> O gin her face was wan!
> Said, "Ye are the first that ere I killed
> I wist alive again!"
>
> He turned her ower and ower again,
> O gin her skin was white!
> He said, "I micht hae spared thy life
> To hae been some man's delyte.
>
> "Back and boune, my merry-men all
> For ill dooms I do guess
> I canna luik on that bonnie face
> As it lies on the grass."

And yet, beauty passes. The simple violent emotions which the ballads chronicle do not change; but the things with which men live surrounded do change. To later times the old songs may lose their power. Even today, what can the ballads mean to American poetry-lovers? Take the *Lyke-Wake Dirge*,—which is English, but why begrudge the poor creatures one fine ballad when we have all the rest? and it is written in good Scots anyhow:

> This ae nicht, this ae nicht,
> Everie nicht and alle,
> Fire and sleet and candle-licht,
> And Christ receive thy saule!

What can that say to an American, who has never sat by an open fire, never seen the candle-flame blown sideways by the cold air from the door-sill? What to me is one of the most evocative lines in all poetry, to him will recall nothing. To us, the ballads must mean less than when they were sung in every glen; when the fairies danced and rode, and ghosts talked with their true-loves in the night; when men fought all over the poor dark country. To the people then, the ballads told history as it happened; to us they are wild old songs, soon, maybe, to be sung no more.

FREDA WHITE

The French Communists never called upon the people to refuse to fight in 1939 or 1940, nor did they try "to turn French soldiers into deserters." Their members and leaders, including Thorez, answered the mobilisation call like other Frenchmen. They went into hiding only when Daladier, on October 4th, 1939, in defiance of the Constitution, began arresting Communist M.P.s by dozens while they were still entitled to Parliamentary immunity—and on the charge, not of any activity outside Parliament, but of daring as a group to send a letter to the President of the Chamber of Deputies asking for a discussion of peace possibilities. This was on October 1st, 1939, when the "phoney" war was in full swing, and the largest French trade unions had already been dissolved because their Communist leaders would not "repudiate" the Soviet-German pact.

The Communist leaders in France called for resistance, not when the U.S.S.R. was attacked in June, 1941, but in their memorable manifesto of July, 1940, issued illegally (and published here shortly afterwards), when the vast majority of their persecutors had become agents of Vichy, i.e., of the Gestapo. The call was taken up by the illegal *l'Humanité* and by the secret Popular Committees, formed in the French factories on Communist initiative to replace the trade unions, which had finally collapsed after the German occupation. By October, 1940, there were underground workers' resistance and sabotage groups, for example, in the Paris industrial suburbs like St. Denis, Billancourt and Clichy. It was 300 leaders of these, mainly Communists, who were arrested by the Vichy police on October 5th, 1940. In May, 1941, there was the big miners' strike of Pas-de-Calais and the Nord, in which hundreds of Communists played an active part; and that month the French Communist Party appealed for a National Front to fight for French independence, uniting all resistance forces.

39 Hillway, N.6. ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

SIR,—Winifred Trench is at liberty to express whatever view she chooses on Larkin, Connolly and the Irish Labour movement. She is not entitled, however, to speak for Socialists in general; she is not even, to the best of my knowledge, a representative of any Labour Party or trade union branch. I therefore feel impelled to question the sweeping statements contained in the last paragraph of her article, "The Plough and the Stars."

Miss Trench writes :—

> The failure of the (Labour) movement is not, of course, to be ascribed merely to the lack of unity. To a Socialist it is evident that the cause lies deep in the history of the last thirty years, in Labour's early failure to differentiate its aims from those of the Nationalist movement, and to oppose it with increasing sharpness as it became obvious that the democratic programme of the First Dail was mere window-dressing. Even Connolly's judgment in leading the Citizen Army into Easter Week appears now open to question.

As editor of the official Labour Party paper, I claim to have some knowledge of the views of my readers and I assure Miss Trench that some 80 per cent of them regard Nationalism as a necessary step on the road to Socialism; they are Republicans because they are Socialists and Socialists because they are Republicans. To me it is impossible to separate the two creeds which are aspects of the same thing—the freedom of the worker from exploitation, whether it be manufactured at home or abroad.

Connolly wrote :—

> As the separate individual is to the family so the separate nation is to humanity. The perfect family is that which best draws out the inner powers of the individual; the most perfect world is that in which the most separate existence of nations is held most sacred.

Before true internationalism was possible there must be individual freedom between nation and nation. Believing this, it was inevitable that Connolly, the Marxist, should join the 1916 rising and that his action should be endorsed by no less a Socialist than Lenin. Believing this, it is logical that progressive minds today will support Pandit Nehru in his struggle for a free India. Not because Congress is a Socialist party, but because national freedom is a necessary step to economic freedom.

I believe that Labour in Ireland must identify itself with the Republican movement, not withdraw from it. De Valera maintains his power because he still has one hand on the green flag of Republicanism and the people have not yet realised that the vested interests his government has created are one of the chief barriers to national sovereignty and the ending of partition.

Friendship and co-operation between Labour north and south of the Border and in England are greatly to be desired. In fact they exist already to a very large degree. The task of Labour in Southern Ireland is not helped, however, by the tacit support given by the British Government to Sir Basil Brooke's quasi-Fascist administration in the Six Counties. Brotherhood between peoples must rest on the basis of equality; comradeship is the spontaneous gift of one free man to another.

SHEILA GREENE
(Editor *Irish People*)
Dublin.

B.B.C. RELIGION

Sir,—While acknowledging the courteous tone of the letter of the Vice-Chairman of the Christian Evidence Society, and welcoming his suggestion that other than orthodox credal views on religion should be given an opportunity of statement on the wireless—a reasonable concession which would remove much of the present abuse—I cannot agree that the result would be, as he supposes, to vindicate the atonement teaching of the churches.

There is surely enough in the direct teachings and admonitions of Jesus—generally by-passed by the credalists as impractical for the Christian Church, without this untenable atonement theory. In support of that I have a letter from an Edinburgh clergyman thanking me for my letter and supporting my complaint. Even if there were any acceptable evidence in support of the atonement creed—which there is not—it must be objectionable to any reasonable mind. In this Christian country what judge would accept the hanging of an innocent person as a substitute for a condemned murderer? The whole meaning and justification of punishment is lost in such a proposition.

Is the Omnipotent limited to one "Son?" Is not the whole universe with all its creatures due to the creative power of the Almighty? The Church also states that Jesus was God. Did God sentence Himself to death? Then we are told Jesus did not really die. The whole theory of the atonement is bound not only to give a false and pernicious impression of the Almighty, but to debauch the sensitive elementary reasoning powers of the child, an injury from which many never fully recover. Why should this heathenish idea of sacrifice, a survival from a barbarous age, have the exclusive support of the B.B.C.? It is time it was stopped.

Edinburgh. J. W. HERRIES

OBITER DICTA

SIR,—Critic attributes to the late Mr. Commissioner Kerr a homily that was surely the dictum of W. St. J. Arabin, judge of the ancient Sheriff's Courts for Poultry Compter and Giltspur Street Compter, and sometime Judge-Advocate-General. This dignitary—supposedly the original of Sergeant Stubbins—was recorded by a contemporary to have declared: "If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this of persons acting in concert together, this case is that case." A. J. BRAYSHAW

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MACMILLAN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Scottish ballads are among the most moving of poetry. To people who like them, naturally. There are plenty who do not, repelled by the dialect, or by the doggerel contained in many of them. The language problem is much exaggerated, especially when it is pleaded by men who make nothing of tackling Greek, Old French, or the private codes of the moderns. The ballads are, in fact, much simpler to read than Chaucer. Their language is not broad Scots—there are a number of districts today where a far broader idiom is used,—but the educated or "gentle" Scots of their time. It was modified, too, by the passage across the centuries. The tales were sung by minstrels all over the country, in castles and taverns and on village greens, and while they had to be understood by every class, no doubt the castle audiences gave the best largesse. And the minstrels certainly did not sing in accents too archaic for comprehension. The Battle of Otterbourne was fought in 1388; but the ballad about it is in the Scots—as I judge—of the seventeenth century, when the time of the minstrels was drawing to its end.

Doggerel is a real obstacle, and it takes familiarity to deal with it. Then one either skips it, or accepts it as an easy ringing memorable way of telling a tale in verse. Memorable it is. Think of Johnny Armstrong, facing the sentence of James V, whom he visited under truce:

"To seik het water beneath cauld ice
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

"But had I kenn'd ere I cam' fra hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me,
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee!"

Then too, many recurrent verses, like the refrains, are there as incantation. The whole audience would sing the refrains. The well-known verses, like the epithets in Homer, would exercise the mesmeric effect of any ritual repetition. There is one which makes me laugh as a commentary on medical fashion, recalling Mrs. Blimp saying "My dear! I never could bear to have a woman doctor!" It comes in the frequent tales of a baby born in the woods, with none to help but its father. Its mother, equally reactionary with Mrs. Blimp, always says:

"It never was my mother's custom,
And it never shall be mine,
To have a man stand by my bedside,
When a woman drees her pyne."

Even after the last minstrel had laid by his harp, the ballads were still sung or spoken by high and low. They never went out of fashion in literary Scotland, and the eighteenth century turned to them as change and relief from the over-elegance of contemporary poetry. Alexander Carlyle writes of 1750:

> It was from his having heard Mrs. Janet Denoon sing the old ballad of "Gil Morrice" that Home first took his idea of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Some of the best ballads were composed late; *Helen of Kirkconnel* in the seventeenth century, and *The Marchioness of Douglas* after 1670. At all events, Scotland never lost the wood-note, and the lyrical strain of Burns, Hogg and Scott was in the main stream of its tradition, not as with the Lake Poets, a conscious and antiquarian revival. It should be noted however that the eighteenth-century Scots, when they tried to write ballads as such, were nearly as unsuccessful as the English.

But of course it was not their mere simplicity which caused the ballads, once they began to be printed, to run like a fire through the literary world. It was the quality of their poetry. I have often wondered how it came about that these popular rhymed narratives, every now and then, kindle into flamy song. And with respect to the great company of the learned alive and dead, who have collected, collated, and loved the ballads, I offer at least one possible explanation.

The potency of the ballads lies, or so I think, in the fact that they were sung, not written. Even the long ones were chanted, to a stringed accompaniment.

"Harp and carp, True Thomas!" she said,
"Harp and carp along wi me."

That is "Harp and tell," the Queen of Faerie speaking to a minstrel according to his trade. The impact of the ballad is direct upon the ear; it must be immediate, clear, containing in its words not only meaning but feeling. It was, it is curious to think, the forerunner of the wireless, and solved a problem of technique which the modern poets who write for radio have scarcely approached.

It is this which accounts for the economy of the ballads; they can say more in a short space than any other poetry.

High upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.
Wi' saddle and bridle sae gallant rade he,—
Hame cam his guid horse, and never cam he.

Or the *Bonnie Earl o' Moray*:

He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the ring,
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
He micht hae been a king.

O! lang may his Lady look
Frae the Castle Doune
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Cam soonding through the toun.

Shock and lament are as plain in those heavy syllables of the *Bonnie Earl* as hate and despair are in the *Milldams of Binnorie*: when the elder sister has pushed the younger into the river:

"O sister, sister, reach your hand"
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
"And ye shall be heir of half my land."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
"Shame fa' the hand that I should take!"
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
"It's twined me and my heart's make"
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair"
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
"Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.
(Twined=parted; make=mate)

There is nothing at which the ballads are more apt than in the expression of supernatural fear; they can run down the spine like an icy finger:

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream
Beyond the Isle o' Skye
I saw a dead man win a fight
And I think that man was I."

With that word Douglas sets the doom of Otterbourne. How weary is the plea of Clerk Saunders, dead, for release from his earthly love:

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet
The dew it falls no sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonnie birk
And lay it on my briest"—

But the supreme quality of the ballads is evocation. They are full of imagery, and it is always significant. By a word, by a phrase, they call up a picture so vivid and universal that it moves the heart with feeling long familiar. It is strange that the effect of these lines is not that of the commonplace, but of stirring deep emotion. By this means the ballads achieve what all poetry must strive for, for they attune the hearer with the song. There is a curse, for instance, in the tale of the girl who is to be hanged, and who appeals to her father, her mother, and finally to her sister to "Pay her fee" and redeem her. I quote from a memory thirty years old, for I have failed to find this variant, told me by a friend, in the books. The sister refuses, and the girl cries:

"Gae hame, gae hame, my titty sister,
Gae hame and saw your seam!
And I wish that your needle point may break,
And the craws pyke out your een!"

Nothing could be more savage than that curse of the needle point, nor better felt by every woman.

One could go on quoting for ever, and every ballad-lover will cap my choice of the moving verse:

She's taen her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gaen;
And long she knocked and sore she cried,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."
Annie of Lochroyan

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
And if we gang to sea, Master,
I fear we'll come to harm."
Sir Patrick Spens

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.
Thomas the Rhymer

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature cam that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.
The Lament of the Border Widow

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame"

"O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."
Mary Hamilton

"O had I wist before I kist
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart wi a key o' gold
And pinned it wi a siller pin."
The Marchioness of Douglas's Lament

Most of all, in the finest, perhaps, and certainly the most terrible of the ballads, *Edom of Gordon*, the remorse of the villain when the little girl, thrown from the burning castle, falls on his spear and dies:

Then wi his spear he turned her ower,
O gin her face was wan!
Said, "Ye are the first that ere I killed
I wist alive again!"

He turned her ower and ower again,
O gin her skin was white!
He said, "I micht hae spared thy life
To hae been some man's delyte.

"Back and boune, my merry-men all
For ill dooms I do guess
I canna luik on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

And yet, beauty passes. The simple violent emotions which the ballads chronicle do not change; but the things with which men live surrounded do change. To later times the old songs may lose their power. Even today, what can the ballads mean to American poetry-lovers? Take the *Lyke-Wake Dirge*,—which is English, but why begrudge the poor creatures one fine ballad when we have all the rest? and it is written in good Scots anyhow:

This ae nicht, this ae nicht,
Everie nicht and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-licht,
And Christ receive thy saule!

What can that say to an American, who has never sat by an open fire, never seen the candle-flame blown sideways by the cold air from the door-sill? What to me is one of the most evocative lines in all poetry, to him will recall nothing. To us, the ballads must mean less than when they were sung in every glen; when the fairies danced and rode, and ghosts talked with their true-loves in the night; when men fought all over the poor dark country. To the people then, the ballads told history as it happened; to us they are wild old songs, soon, maybe, to be sung no more.

FREDA WHITE

HORATIO HITS BACK

Illusion and Reality, a study of the Sources of Poetry. CHRISTOPHER CAUDWELL. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12s. 6d.

If a modern communist Horatio were in the position to write an account of Shakespeare, he would probably hit back at Hamlet in words very similar to those of the late Christopher Caudwell, whose *Illusion and Reality* has now been re-issued.

> The depth with which Shakespeare moved in the bourgeois illusion, the greatness of his grasp of human society, is shown by the fact that he is ultimately a tragedian. This unfettered realisation of human individualities involves for him the equally unfettered play of Necessity. The contradiction which is the driving force of capitalism finds its expression again and again in Shakespeare's tragedies. . . . In *Hamlet* the problem of a conflict of unmeasured wills is posed in yet another form—here a man's will is divided against itself, and therefore, even though nothing "external" can oppose or reflect it, it can yet struggle with itself and be wrecked. This "doubleness" of a single will is aptly symbolised by the poisoned swords and goblet in which the one aim is as it were two-faced and secures opposite ends.

If Shakespeare-Hamlet, not particularly enchanted with the metaphor of a two-faced aim securing opposite ends, should protest:

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,

he would receive an admonition on the following lines: "There is no such place as heaven, my dear Shakespeare-Hamlet, and if, inventing such a phantasy, you choose to put things there, those things are simply commodities relegated to another life because they are unobtainable by the workers (from whom they have been stolen by the chaotic and ruthless individualists whom you depict as heroes in your tragedies). Nevertheless, although there is no heaven and nothing in it, you were historically correct in inventing such a phantasy, because, in your realistic portrayal of the bourgeoisie, it is necessary to include all the features of the bourgeois illusion. Thus, the heaven of which Hamlet speaks, although it does not exist, is 'true' in the sense that it is an essential part of the bourgeois myth which played such an important role in history, although now it is superannuated."

This attitude Caudwell applies in a random and unsystematic way to whatever writer he thinks will illustrate his theme. The argument is this: primitive poetry was collective magic; it was every-day speech heightened by rhythm and imagery used as incantation to encourage the crops and control the weather. Thus, in its earliest forms, poetry was inseparable from the beliefs, the language and the interests of the community. As society becomes more complex and divided into classes, poetry splits off from the life of the community, representing the culture and the interests of an educated class. This development leads to an increasing complexity of theme and language within poetry itself, until we arrive at our own age, when poetry becomes completely divided from the communal life. This uprootedness produces in the last stages surrealism, where the poet supposes he is exercising his imagination in complete freedom but where, in fact, he is simply expressing his enslavement to those social conditions which have cut him off from the real roots of his inspiration: the collective life of the people. At the same time, during this final, Byzantine stage of bourgeois culture, certain poets "go over" (or half over) to the proletariat, Malraux, Aragon in France (Malraux is not a poet and subsequently, of course, has "gone back," but no matter), in England Auden, Day Lewis, Spender ("the poets of the 'Thirties.'").

Caudwell was a serious social critic, a serious and intelligent human being who gave his life in the Sapnish war to the cause in which he believed. His general thesis is also seriously stated. Nevertheless, reading this book we are constantly frustrated because something is lacking: he is not interested (or at least he does not show any interest) in the great body of poetic achievement which ought to be the object of his criticism. He suffers from a disastrous opinionatedness which is surely one of the maladies of our time (doubtless due to social causes. He manufactures opinions about a subject before he has even had time to interest himself in it. This seems to me a fair criticism of the paragraphs about Shakespeare's plays which I have quoted: and here is Caudwell on Wordsworth:

> The division of labour involved in industrialism has made it possible for sufficient surplus produce to exist to maintain a poet in austere idleness in Cumberland. But to see the relation between the two, to see that the culture, gist of language and leisure which distinguished a Nature poet from a dumb sub-human are the product of economic activity—to see this would be to pierce the bourgeois illusion and expose the artificiality of "Nature" poetry.

And Caudwell's mind is so little preoccupied with his supposed subject—poetry—that in condemning the development of recent poets, he is liable to push painters, poets and prose writers all into the same bag:

> The *surrêaliste* therefore is the last bourgeois revolutionary. To pass beyond him—beyond Milton, beyond Godwin, beyond Pater, beyond finally Dada and Dali, is to pass beyond the categories of bourgeois thought. What politically is this final bourgeois revolutionary? He is an anarchist.

Caudwell judges poetry by three standards: (1) its power to create illusion; (2) technique; (3) utility (i.e., the extent to which the illusion is "truthful" in making the reader understand contemporary social realities). A little thought will show that the inevitable logic of such standards is that utility should dominate the two others. Once one accepts that the "truth" of poetry is only illusion, then the value of that illusion can lie only in its social utility. This explains Caudwell's basic lack of interest in poetry as such. He looks not to poetry but beyond it to its social efficacity. A few pages on the function of words in poems show that he has a true appreciation of poetic language as a technical instrument which could be put to the service of the revolution; but he has not the slightest respect for what the poet says, unless that message can be twisted to his own political views. Implicitly his attitude is that of the document criticising the Leningrad writers by the Soviet Syndicate of writers.

The book ends with a rather disappointing chapter on The Future of Poetry. Of course, the argument is that poetry must now return to its roots in the collective society, by creating the poetic illusion which will enable the workers to understand imaginatively the historic situation in which they live. Caudwell is excusably vague about the means by which the poet will be able to write this new popular poetry. He suggests that po[illegible] must become simple, crude even, in the ear[illegible] stages of its Collective Renaissance.

Yet, according to his own analysis, I should have thought the real problem was not so much that of the poet as of the people. For he has shown in his early chapters that a collective, popular poetry can exist only when the people are living a simple life, close to the earth, and where the whole community is bound closely together in a communal struggle. Political struggles, such as revolutions and resistance movements, can produce, while they last, a communal poetry, as we have seen in recent years. But it is difficult to imagine that in a modern society, whether capitalist or Socialist, such a community of experience can be a permanent condition.

Directly an industrial, advanced civilisation becomes prosperous, the majority of people become interested in things other than the poetic. The reason for this is very simple: that most people in any civilisation at any epoch, do not wish to interest themselves in serious things, and poetry, even if it is a kind of play, plays on the most serious experiences. Therefore, even in a Socialist society, in which the State had "withered away," I cannot believe that poetry would be popular. Popular poetry is primitive and presupposes primitive conditions. And where conditions are not primitive, poetry inevitably becomes a calling for people who, even in conditions of material prosperity, remain aware of those final realities of human existence from which most people attempt to hide. To-day one can witness all over the world the process by which the poet, driven out of his bourgeois ivory tower, is being chased through communal corridors and offices into a new kind of isolation amidst the machinery and slogans of the collective international world.

STEPHEN SPENDER

ANALYSIS AND "NEAR" ANALYSIS

The Psycho-Analytic Theory of Neurosis. By OTTO FENICHEL, M.D. London. *Kegan Paul.* 35s.

Deep Analysis. The Clinical Study of an Individual Case. By CHARLES BERG, M.D. London. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Our Inner Conflicts. A Constructive Theory of Neurosis. By KAREN HORNEY, M.D. London. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

During the past 25 years the number of people interested in psycho-analysis and in more or less closely related forms of treatment has grown enormously. These three books will appeal to very different kinds of reader.

Dr. Fenichel, who died only about a year ago, was well known as a teacher in Psycho-Analytic Institutes in many parts of Europe and America. As might be expected, then, his book has something of the character of a text book. It is meant in the first place for professional students and covers the whole field of clinical psycho-analysis. It is very orderly and thorough and packed full of references to the technical literature. Without claiming great originality it does cover the ground. It will be extremely valuable to its own public and, even though it may not inspire as much outside interest as the other two books, it is not likely to be soon superseded.

Dr. Berg's appeal is to a wider public and one less technically instructed. He describes the treatment of a single case of which he certainly seems to have made a great success. The main adverse criticism would be that it is not easy to see how that success was achieved. Read as a novel or the scenario (if that is the word) of a film, there is little to object to; but read as a sober record of fact it is hard to see quite how the explanations of his symptoms, whether given by the doctor or (as they so often were) by the patient himself, produced the changes that they evidently did. Probably the truth is that in order to make his book readable Dr. Berg left out much that might have removed this objection. It is not easy to be scientific if one aims at being read by a large public.

The public addressed by Dr. Karen Horney is more expert. Dr. Horney has done some interesting original work in her time and, as many think, made some useful additions to Freud's views on the sexuality of women. Since then she has moved far both in space and in theory. She has emigrated to America and has revised her views on psycho-analysis. There is no reason against her doing either of these things if she thinks fit, but it is, perhaps, a pity that she should still call herself a psycho-analyst.

It would be impossible to discuss her views without comparing them with Freud's, if only because she herself is so bent on emphasising the differences. Actually these are often smaller than she suggests. Her "Idealised Image" and her "Externalisation" for example, are merely new names for the old Freudian "Super Ego" and "Projection." A Freudian, too, need raise no objection to her description of the so-called "Basic Conflicts"—except that they are not so basic as she supposes. One main difference with Freud is that she regards these conflicts as essentially "neurotic" and this, for her, is the reason why they are so "compulsive." A Freudian would say that they represent conflicts between repressed sexual impulses and certain repressive impulses. So long as the repressed impulses remain repressed they can never be satisfied and

hence is derived their "compulsiveness." Dr. Horney says little of the sexual origin of neurosis and that is probably why she finds the compulsiveness so hard to account for.

Another important difference is over the subject of morality. She thinks that Freud regards it as outside the province of science. Actually, of course, the reverse is true. He does not attribute so much importance as Dr. Horney to the conscious morals of adult society, but on the rigid, crude morality of early childhood which while it remains unconscious yet makes the lives of so many neurotics a misery, on this morality of which he was himself the discoverer he vigorously insists.

Dr. Horney says little about her actual technique (nor would it be reasonable to expect it) but it must be very different from that of Freudian analysts since it is clear that, for better or for worse, her aims are different.

ADRIAN STEPHEN

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN

Ego 8. By JAMES AGATE. *Harrap.* 15s.

Three years ago, Agate, I reviewed your *Ego* 6. I was abroad when your *Ego* 7 was published, shortly after the war, in which you mocked me and made a pun on my name, calling me Ananias. It was foolish of you to criticise your schoolmasters when they were out of the room because they always return to correct your work. For, you see, I now find myself reviewing your *Ego* 8. Miserable boy! How dare you flick ink-pellets at a man less than half your age! Get up, Agate, and stand before my desk to hear your end-of-term report.

You have improved, Agate; you are improving; there are, if one may parody Sydney Smith, flashes of taste. If one is to judge from the dedication of the book and the photograph of an American cousin of mine, you are keeping better company. It is less irritating but has lost none of its gusto. There is also quite a pleasant amount of reading between the lines for those who know some of the characters who provide you with so much copy. Your letters of advice to aspiring young poets and actors reveal your good sense, your good standards and your good heart, however carefully you try to conceal the last. But the main point is that there is a great deal about the theatre in this *Ego*, and you know and love your theatre. That is why it is a pleasure to read. I think you come well out of your controversy with Priestley; and you write wonderfully well about French acting and the visit of the Comédie Française. That is your strength: you can communicate to your reader the excitement of great acting. But I would like to argue with you, not this time about your use of quotation but about the "great actor." You exalt the importance of the actor and despise the art of the producer. You are right when you bewail the virtual extinction of the actor of the grand manner in England. But doesn't the producer rectify the balance, which the great actor is liable to upset? Isn't the producer necessary to keep the proportions of a good play from being destroyed by the great actor? The difficulty is to find actors to play Macduff and Malcolm, not Macbeth; for if they fail the second half of the play becomes meaningless. I like stars, but let the medicinable eye of the glorious planet Sol keep them in order; what plagues, what portents, etc., attend a play from which the producer has been eliminated. Have you seen Baty's productions in Montparnasse and judged the enormous dramatic effect of his lighting, grouping and the variation in pace, which only the producer can achieve?

I am pleased with you: it has been a good term's work. You are more readable than ever and in your seventieth summer are throwing off some of your juvenile extravagances. But one word more. You still show no signs of being able to distinguish between genuine intellectuals and mere Bohemians. Some intellectuals are, of course, Bohemians; but most Bohemians are more preoccupied with a way of life than with serious practice and criticism of the arts. The youths with whom you sport at the Café Royal are, I suspect, not intellectuals but spring from the lower reaches of Bohemia; and the appalling poems and drivel which you quote and attribute to intellectuals are also probably by the sweepings of the intelligentsia. Your holiday task will be to write an essay contrasting and comparing these two classes of society. Bohemians find the conventions of life, which you and I find convenient, intolerable: that is why they prefer to wear sacking instead of skirts and use the refrigerator as a potting shed. Intellectuals are. . . but, no, I can give you no further hints for your essay. Three years ago I recommended you a course of reading which you have evidently ignored: study an essay by Virginia Woolf called *Middlebrow*. I give you good warning that, if by next term you have not learnt your lesson, I shall flog you before the whole school with my pencil.

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ABOUT INDIA

Land and Motherland. By DR. G. T. WRENCH. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The British in India. By P. J. GRIFFITHS. *Robert Hale.* 10s. 6d.

Fazl-i-Husain, a Political Biography by AZIM HUSAIN. *Longmans Green.* 22s. 6d.

All of these books are concerned with India and its history and over all of them weighs the foreboding that our record is nearing its last page. But in outlook and temperament they differ widely. The last of them is an elaborate biography by his son of the most influential political leader of Muslim India in the period between the two wars, Sir Fazl-i-Husain. The second is a popular justification of our record in India by a former member of the I.C.S. who now leads the European group in the Legislative Assembly. The first of the three, a wayward and eccentric book, is in the main an attempt to discover the fundamental, age-old characteristics of Indian society, which have made it the unique thing it is.

Dr. Wrench is a romantic reactionary, who feels a deep contempt for that "unctuous prescription for modern ills, a democracy" and believes in "the titanic man, the lonely man of genius" who alone can shape a nation—in other words the Führer. In India he is the partisan of the village against the town, and he makes no distinction between peasants, tenants and landlords. He can write with deep feeling about the misery of the workers in the urban slums and yet he seems to be totally unaware of the oppression and exploitation for which the functionless, parasitic landowner is responsible over big areas of British India and even more crudely in the feudal States. He dislikes Congress, which he regards as the party of the industrialists and his references to Gandhi are mere caricature—

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which is odd, since in some respects Gandhi's outlook resembles his own.

This belief, which Mr. Griffiths shares, that Congress is the party of the big industrialists is a gross exaggeration, interesting because it reveals the subconscious working of the Tory mind. It is one of Mr. Churchill's fixed ideas—so much so that he jeers at Pandit Nehru and his colleagues as "men of straw." Why, if it were true, would it be a discreditable fact from the standpoint of a party which chose in succession a Baldwin and a Chamberlain as its leaders? The answer is, of course, that in the original blueprints of the British Empire, India figured as a source of raw materials and a market for British manufactures. The Indian industrialist is out of place, an intruder who mars this pre-ordained pattern—in plain words an unwelcome competitor. The other customary charges against Congress—that it is the party of the Brahmins and that it obeys Gandhi as its dictator—are in flat contradiction. Gandhi is no Brahmin, and he is opposed on principle to power-industry. Certainly the prevailing view among the younger generation of Congress, as also among Communists and Socialists, is that India should be rapidly industrialised. Gandhi's disciples are, however, still so influential that the Premier of Madras, a Congress province, announced the other day that the erection of new textile mills and the expansion of existing mills will be forbidden by his Government. It is true that most of the leading figures in industry and finance are in sympathy with Congress. It is the nationalist party and, like peasants, workers and Brahmins, they also have brown skins. Does that mean that Congress is dependent on Big Business for financial support? I doubt it. Several profitable pro-Congress newspapers are owned by these magnates. The leading millionaires contribute openly to philanthropic funds in which Gandhi is interested. But when I inquired on the spot into the sources of the election funds of Congress, I found that it relied partly on the subscriptions of its six million members and partly on the large sums paid by the candidates themselves.

Erratic though Dr. Wrench is in this book, he has his moments of genuine insight. He traces to the influence of the big patriarchal Hindu family and its terrific pressure on its members in their daily lives, the lack of individualism and civic independence in this society. These effects are reinforced by caste. Another chapter goes back to the impressions of Magasthenes and reminds us that the peasant was always the inert and passive factor in Indian history, who went on tilling his fields, while kings and rajahs fought each other for the right to tax him. "The peasants," as Meredith Townsend put it, "were the stakes in the game, not the players." The peasants have been nothing in India and "consequently India has in a sense been nothing." As a State without a people she has had to submit to conqueror after conqueror. To which I would add the comment that Indians began to be a people when the peasants in Gujerat, the United Provinces and Andhra took to tax resistance and formed their militant leagues. And it was Congress that roused them to this unique activity.

Mr. Griffiths has written a lively book, which conveys a good deal of information in a readable form. He writes with an air of candour and knows how to concede a minor point to an opponent. He tries to be objective and in his estimate of Gandhi he allows some big "pros" to balance the massed "cons." By contrast he offers us an unqualified eulogy of Mr. Jinnah. No less typical of his bias is his brief chapter on the States, in which he seems to regard the princes as proprietors, who have the right to do what they will with their own, while he ignores their subjects altogether. As an apology for British rule in India the book is weak and superficial. It ignores the psychological effects of conquest—the taming of a people's will, the mischiefs of frustration, the evils of our colour bar. It dismisses the "divide to rule" accusation with a joke and fails to justify the fatal creation of communal electorates. It casually mentions the poverty of the Indian masses and then forgets all about it. It never faces the effect on the peasants of the imposition on them of the capitalistic conception of private property in land—the destruction of the village community, the alienation of land to the usurer, the creation of a new landowning class. It fails to realise the effect of all our fathers did and failed to do—our fiscal policy, for example, and our neglect of education—in keeping India a backward colonial dependency and deliberately delaying the coming of modern industry. Mr. Griffith's assumption that we would have conceded full self-government and even independence rather sooner, if Indians had never struggled to win these boons, is startling in its unrealistic complacency.

Sir Fazl-i-Husain was one of the ablest men of his generation in Muslim India—sober, hard-working, realistic. He was a nationalist, though he rejected Mr. Gandhi's tactics of non-co-operation. He was not a communalist in his long-range thinking, though he set himself to avert from his own community the consequences of its backwardness. Mistaken though he was in insisting on separate communal electorates, it is clear from this record that he regarded them only as a temporary expedient. He did much for education and health in the Punjab, but his chief service to Indian politics was his creation of the Unionist Party, based on the landowners, large and small, of all three religions in the Punjab—on economic interest, that is to say, rather than creed. The Unionists freed the peasants from the yoke of the urban moneylender, but the result was that the big landlord took his place, and in the last generation the big estates have grown substantially at the expense of the indebted smallholders. This was, one supposes, a consequence the leader did not foresee, but I doubt whether his party ever was a reality in the villages: it was always managed by a few big feudal magnates in Lahore. This book confirms the impression Fazl-i-Husain made, when one met him: his strong points were his integrity and his common sense, but he had little imagination nor was his range of interests wide. He was, however, much more progressive in his social outlook than one might have expected from the conservative complexion of his party. This biography, carefully documented as it is, will be of great service to the historian and to students of Indian affairs, but it is not addressed to the general reader.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

HENRY VAUGHAN

Henry Vaughan. A Life and Interpretation. By F. E. HUTCHINSON. *Clarendon Press.* 15s.

Henry Vaughan will be remembered as the poet of *Silex Scintillans*. In 1655, at the age of thirty-four, under the influence of George Herbert "whose holy life and work gained many pious converts (of whom I am the least)" as he tells us—he published a volume of verse which, despite the borrowed titles and phrases, is radically unlike the work of Herbert or any of his contemporaries. He may have learnt from Herbert how to use the rhythms of the spoken language as in the line "I saw Eternity the other night" or in:

> Silence and stealth of days 'tis now
> Since thou art gone
> Twelve hundred hours.

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LINDSAY DRUMMOND

Herbert's. He has a faculty for watching and listening to the sights and sounds of the countryside, especially at night:

> When to my Eyes
> (Whilst deep sleep others catches,)
> Thine hoast of spyes
> The starres shine in their watches.

and, like Wordsworth, he finds spiritual health by laying himself open to the influence of nature. Resemblances between Vaughan and Wordsworth are striking and Canon Hutchinson suggests that Vaughan may have been affected by the aftermath of the Civil War as Wordsworth was by the aftermath of the French Revolution—both poets look back to their childhood as the time of innocence and clear perception and try to recapture the child's powers of contemplation:

> When on some gilded Cloud, or flowre
> My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
> And in those weaker glories spy
> Some shadows of eternity;

The resemblance is of course only in the direction of attention; Vaughan is as different from Wordsworth in his reading of nature as he is in his form and style.

When, in his thirteenth chapter, Canon Hutchinson comes to write of *Silex Scintillans* he recognises that "The slow exploration of the events and influences in Henry Vaughan's early life may have taxed the reader's patience"; but he hopes they will throw light on "the growth of his mind before he came to write, within the compass of some half-dozen years, the poems by which he is best remembered." With accurate and patient scholarship Canon Hutchinson has pieced together the scanty evidences that tell the story of Vaughan's short stay at Oxford, his study of law, his probable military service on the king's side, his imitative early poetry, his translations, his study of medicine, his law suits with his children about properties. It is unlikely that any fact about Vaughan's life remains to be discovered. But the spark that gives worth to that life is in the small collection of poems and nowhere else, and by far the most interesting chapter in the book is the one about Welsh poetry and the Welsh language which throws a direct light on Vaughan's peculiar felicities of style.

JOAN BENNETT

Labour Party Year Book, 1946-47. *Transport House.* 6s.

The Research Department of the Labour Party has a new and invaluable source of reference in this Year Book. More than half of it is devoted to a summary of the work of the various Ministries since Labour took office. Other sections deal with Local Government, with industry—there are some concise and useful statistical tables—and with the position of the Socialist Movement in the major countries. There are, moreover, a directory of trade union and Labour Party addresses, the tabulated results of the last General Election and a diary of Parliamentary events since the Labour victory. This book has been edited intelligently; it is designed to be used by ordinary people as well as by politicians and journalists. If succeeding issues maintain this standard, the series will be indispensable for anyone who takes politics seriously. A bibliography of pamphlets and books published in the preceding year on current and political problems would be a valuable addition.

Ships and Men. W. J BASSETT-LOWKE and GEORGE HOLLAND. *Harrap.* 15s.

An overdose of the romance of the sea on the one hand or of draughtsman's and engineer's technicality on the other, is the ruin of useful books about ships. This instructive volume avoids these traps. It really does relate the history of ships and the changing needs of human beings, with feeling and liveliness. The authors' text shows their pleasant bias: "The ship is a mirror of the times in which she sails." They have excluded warships, with the exception of the converted merchant-aircraft carrier—and have kept to trade and discovery; and in following the history of seafaring from the hollowed tree trunk to the *Queen Mary* and the pre-fab, they are remarkably comprehensive. The finished ship, its cause and its purpose, interest them more than the building, which is only briefly touched on; and they do not forget the men who have sailed in ships in all ages and the conditions of their lives aboard. This is a modest but very evocative, informative, well-planned book which boys especially will like. It is well-illustrated.

A Handbook of Sociology. By WILLIAM F. OGBURN and MEYER F. NIMKOFF. *Kegan Paul.* 25s.

Professors Ogburn and Nimkoff deserve high praise for having presented us with a book which is as lucid as it is comprehensive. Though sociology is a relatively young science, it has made immense advances in recent years, particularly in the United States of America. The present *Handbook* is a reliable and most stimulating survey of those fields which sociological inquiry has successfully cultivated. The authors are experienced teachers. They do not confound the student with vistas or generalised constructions where—for the time being—our knowledge has no safe foundations.

The authors begin their exposition of the present scope of sociology with a discussion of the principal factors in the social life of man: natural environment, social heredity, and the group. They realise that in the life of man the major emphasis deserves to be placed on the cultural rather than the natural environment. Parts IV, V, and VI of the volume deal with Collective Behaviour, Communities and Social Institutions. The authors proceed then with an analysis of the growth of culture, they describe the obstacles to social change and the social effect of inventions. A concluding chapter raises the problem of the idea of progress and the question whether control of culture is at all possible. Adjustments, the authors state wisely, are at present only possible at points of strain: "Planning boards probably deal more successfully with material situations of not too comprehensive scope, where measurement is possible. . . . To plan in regard to some social organisation . . . is difficult because they involve highly emotional material about which opinion is divided. Controversial social questions are not planned for very successfully."

To each chapter a suggestive list of books for further readings is appended which should enable the reader to get an all-round view of the present state of sociological research. This admirable volume will be welcomed by all who suffer from an abundance of American films and a scarcity of American textbooks, a fact which may have the most serious repercussions on the continuity of research in practically all fields of human studies.

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Report by Sebastian

As clever a collection of verses as I ever read in these competitions, marred only by the disastrous printer's error which spoke of "lyric" couplets when "heroic" was what we intended. Our correction was not noticed by all competitors and so I have made proper allowance. I have only one general criticism: there was a glut of polar bears. Roland Bibby, Noah, Hassall Pitman, J. M. Cameron, Clive Howson, Helen Murray, Stanley Sharpless, Constance Sewell, Morton Robertson, N. R. Dunnett, Pamela Ridley, A. E. Rose, Allan M. Laing, M. Trench, Willy Tadpole were specially good, but I could add a dozen more names. I award 1 guinea each to G. J. Blundell and Lindley Abbatt despite the lamentable Zephyrus; 14s. each to R. S. Jaffray, J. M. Cameron, L. E. J., Philip Ryde Smith, Terence Melican and John Grant.

Felt darkness gloves the hand; and needling cold
Seams up the shroud of earth white fold on fold.
All day the wind was eloquent of death.
Now frost the florist weaves his petaled wreath;
And from a crevice in some hoary tree
The night owl hoots her chilling prophecy:—
"Summer shall die throughout the living world,
And bannered cloud be everywhere unfurled.
Eternal snow shall lie on Indian plains,
And ice glaze Africa's torrential rains.
The sun himself shall lie immured within
A steely web that wind and hail will spin;
The glacier fashion from its glittering mail
A breast-plate for the Amazonian vale;
And all the seven seas no longer roll,
But loop their crystal belt from pole to pole."

G. J. BLUNDELL

Hocus, the only British haruspex,
Of middle politics and muddled sex,
Crouched by a scuttleful of Derby Nuts
To thaw prognostics from his frozen guts.
He saw the world lie sweating in the dark,
Curled on its axis in a strychnine arc,
Climate corrupted to climacteric
And all Siberia at Hackney Wick.
He saw the Alps like burning fingers rise,
The Southern Cross astonish northern skies,
Felix Arabia constrained to wear
The infelicities of Manchester.
He saw Sargasso boil and Euxine rot:
He smelled Sirocco sweet, Zephyrus not:
There, where the poles converge, no longer poles,
There, there he heard the howls of hunting ghouls.

LINDLEY C. ABBATT

With potent rites the Druids will avenge
The snow-polluted barrows of Stonehenge;
By floods upraised from Ebor's sunder'd tombs
Dank ghosts with sorcery shred monstrous dooms.
Soon shall the Gulf Stream from its courses change,
The Mistral from the Rhone shall Fate estrange;
The Florentines in gondolas shall row,
Venetians, dehydrated, dry-shod go.
Monsoons shall rain upon a luckless Cheam
Whilst ice floes block Limpopo's Arctic stream,
New Zealand's geysers spout with turpentine
As crocodiles infest the Serpentine.
Let sceptics sneer and disbelieve their fate;
Incredulous, in Nineteen Forty Eight
They will be stung by tsetse flies that romp
In torrid Manchester's malarial swamp.

JOHN GRANT

"With the addition of a slight pelisse
Madrid's and Moscow's climates were apiece"—
So Byron's sycophants expressed their view,
And now it seems it's going to come true:
Eire and Araby alike enlarge
The traveller with oasis and mirage,
Greenland and India each with coral strand
And icy mountain illustrate their land,
Nor shall Norwegians boast their frozen fjords
Superior to our gelid Norfolk Broads,
While Switzerland with glacier and torrent
Shall nothing have on Southend the abhorrent.
Benin and Brighton, Blackpool and Benares
Shall interchange beads, coats-and-skirts, or saris,
Yea, pundits axed from Poona or Darjeeling
Retire to warmer skies at Bath or Ealing.

R. S. JAFFRAY

Beside the middle sea the igloos rise,
And polar bears are viewed without surprise
Wand'ring the very top of Etna's steep:
The ice-cap here is fifty fathoms deep.
See now these wretched pilgrims, who before
Sun-bathed in Bolton, head for Afric's shore,
In hope that there again they may absorb
Rays from a sun not like this phantom orb
That pines above the mist. . . Half-way they meet
Fresh pilgrims—ah, despair has chained their feet!
They sink, to rise no more; for these men are
Some who have walked the seas from Florida. . .
Meanwhile, in Italy, a poet's ghost
Is sole survivor; from what was the coast
He views again a scene that he knew well
As Cocytus, the frozen floor of Hell.

TERENCE MELICAN

See how Sol's patches sail across his face
And wanton climes fresh lands as lover chase!
These things shall be—icebelts round Capricorn,
And turtles basking 'neath a gentler Horn,
While beaded Scotsmen barter ambergris,
And olives, blooming in the Hebrides,
Swell in the heats from Iceland's lotus-land,
Loading like loves the northern breezes bland.

Then too shall human hordes all migrant range,
And tents for towns, or spires for mosques exchange;
Igloos shall rise on ice o'er Mexic jungles,
And the Tahitan, finding how he bungles
Spearing his fish from equatorial floe,
Swift to a mild Antarctica shall go,—
When upon Congo glaciers penguin pairs
Meet and play host to ravished polar-bears.

PHILIP RYDE SMITH

God saw the cities smoke,
And His great mercy broke.
He turned His face away:
A snow-flake fell that day.
The trees stood thin and bare;
A whiteness in the air
Could little comfort throw
Upon the ice below.
In March the sun did ill;
Velleity, not Will,
Pushed the pale primrose through;
Southward the wild geese flew.
The chill years made the plain
Of Lombardy moraine,
And reindeer-clad Zulus
Shivered in their igloos.

L. E. J.

THE AGE OF ICE

Comes, like returning son, the Age of Ice,
To save the nations groaning in the vice
Of grappled continents bruising knuckles and fingers
Spout now the falling flames of nursery angers.
O best redeemer, coming at the end,
Latest Immanuel, the poor man's friend
(With frost as penny pieces for his eyes)
Subduing all to your obsequious glaze.
All sons of Christ and Newton now are dead:
The Right, the Left, the black, the white, the red;
And only move through the thick arctic night
The rude companions of the troglodyte,
The wolf, the pretty reindeer, the white hare,
The courteous penguin and the solemn bear.
Entailed from ages, see, the immaculate ice:
An innocent planet saunters on through space.

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10/189

Appointments Vacant

SUDAN Govt. The Education Dept. reqs. Educ. Officers, pref. between 25/35, for service in the Sudan, to take charge at Institute of Educn., Bakht de Ruda, of his subject, the training of teachers in it and the inspection of it in Elementary and local Secondary Schools. The subjects particularly reqd. are: Art, Mathematics and Physical Education. Responsibility for any one of these subjects would be combined—in the case of Art with responsibility for the production of text-book illustrations with help of Sudanese illustrators. In the case of Mathematics with some direct teaching to those under training, and in the case of Physical Education with, if possible, assistance in dramatics. Candidates should possess an Hons. Degree from a British Univ., or its equiv., and pref. should have a Teaching Diploma and exp. Appointment will be on Provident Fund (with min. security of 7 years) or Short Term Contract (initially for two years). Starting rate would be fixed according to age, qualifics. and exp. of selected candidates. If appointed on Provident Fund the scale applicable is £E.560-630-770-840-920-1,000-1,080-1,170-1,270, all increases being biennial. For Short Term Contract appointment, salaries would be about 6⅔ per cent. higher. Alternatively, it may be possible in individual cases to arrange secondment terms for candidates serving under Local Education Authorities in U.K. An outfit allowance at rate of £E.60 is payable on appointment provided salary does not exceed £E.700 Provident Fund or £E.800 Short Term Contract. After first tour, annual leave is granted with assisted passage allowances for officials and their families. Free passage on appointment. Strict med. exam. Cost of living allowance at rate of 35 per cent. of pay, sub. to a max. of £E.15 per month, is now payable on all salaries up to £E.1,200 p.a. A progressively reduced allowance is payable to officials on higher salaries. No Income Tax is at present payable in the Sudan. (£E.1=£1 0s. 6d.). Papers containing full information for candidates are obtainable from the Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Education Officer."

MINERS' Welfare Commission invite applics. for following appointments: (1) Qualified Accountants for Finance Branch (including Accounts and Audit Section) (i) for senior post in charge of Branch at a min. sal. £600 p.a. plus war bonus consolidated addition of £90 p.a., and (ii) for Assistant Auditor post min. sal. £375 p.a. plus war bonus consolidated addition of £83 p.a. Applics. must be Chartered, Incorporated or Certified Accountants. Sal. in each case is commencing one and scale will be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. of candidates selected. Age limits (i) over 35, (ii) under 30. Leave—30 days p.a. (2) Executive Officer, Grade II, on sal. scale of £275×£18: £380 (men); and £200×£15: £300 (women), plus war bonus consolidated addition of between £78 and £85 (men) and between £63 and £67 (women). Candidates must be of good education (matric. standard) and have previous exp. in public administration. Leave—30 days p.a. Sal. scales quoted in each instance are London rates. The location of appointments will be temporarily in Ashtead and permanently in London later. Successful applicants for above posts eligible for entry into Staff Pension Scheme after one year's satisfactory service. Forms of applic. from Establishment Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Court, Ashtead, Surrey.

HUGUENOT Univ. College (Univ. of South Africa), Wellington, C.P., S. Africa. Applics. invited for post of Prof. of English (language and literature) on scale £450-£25-£650, plus cost of living allowance. Exp. will be taken into consideration in fixing the initial salary. Only women are eligible. The post carries with it a share in inter-examining of the Univ. of S. Africa, of which Huguenot Univ. College is a constituent college. Additional remuneration is received for such examining work. Duty to be assumed on July 24, 1947. Applics., stating qualifics. and exp., by Air Mail, if possible, should reach the Registrar at the earliest practicable date, and should be accompanied by copies of testimonials and a med. certificate.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Delegacy invite applics. for post of Tutor to Overseas students, from men/women pref. with overseas teaching exp. and high academic qualifics. in some field related to work of Institute. Salary on scale £550-£20-£750, or £750-£20-£1,000, according to qualifics. and exp., with membership of F.S.S.U. Applics., which should be received by May 1, to Secretary, Institute of Educ., Malet St. W.C.1, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (Univ. of London). The London School of Economics proposes to appoint to Lectureships and Assistant Lectureships in Economics from October 1, 1947. Salary scales £500-£850 p.a. and £400-£500 p.a., respectively, with superann. benefits and family allowances. Candidates invited to give in their applications the names of three refs. and an indication of any special interests in the field of economics. Applics. should be received by May 1 by Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted in July: (1) young domestic bursar, not under twenty-five years of age, to be responsible for general supervision of household and dining-room work. No catering or cooking. Recog. salary. Interesting post for intelligent, adaptable young woman. (2) Young trained assistant cook. Sal. £130 resident. Please apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Hyde Heath, Wareham, Dorset. The Community moves back to Kent in summer, 1947.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. of London. Applics. invited for appointment of two Administrative Officers to Extension Lectures Section. Good academic qualifics. essential and exp. in the field desirable. Sal. £600 by £25 to £750 (plus family allowances). Partics. from Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Applics. should be returned by April 22.

UNIV. of Leeds. Dept. of Social Studies. Applics. invited for Lectureship in Social Psychology on salary scale £350-£25-£900: the initial salary may be above the minimum. Appointment will be effective from October 1, 1947. Further partics. on inquiry. Applics. should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2, by May 1.

OXFORD Tutorial Classes Committee invite applics. for Full-time Tutorships in Kent and N. Staffs. Candidates should possess a good Hons. degree and be qualified to teach Psychology in adult classes. Partics. from Sec., Rewley Hse., Wellington Sq. Oxford. Closing date May 1.

AN important national institution reqs. services of a Senior Executive. Should have first-hand knowledge of industry, administrative and some sales exp. and wide cultural interests. Work is interesting and offers considerable scope. Headquarters in London, and salary is on a range of £1,000 to £1,300 with a pension scheme. Partics. to Box 6137.

PIONEER Mental Health Social Work. Applics. invited from trained or expd. social workers interested in Mental Health work to undertake under the guidance of Psychiatric Social Workers, casework connected with rehabilitation in the community of men and women suffering from nervous or mental disorders. Candidates will receive three months' preparation in London before taking up appointments in London or provinces. Salary during preparation at rate of £250 p.a., thereafter from £300-£375 p.a., according to exp. Applics. with copies of two recent testimonials to General Secy., National Assocn. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. W.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. from women for Assistant Children's Hour, Welsh Region, based Bangor. Qualifics.: Understanding of children, ability to write and edit scripts, aptitude in finding new material suitable for children. Some exp. dramatic production, organising ability desirable. Thorough knowl. Welsh language essential. Max. starting sal. £530 p.a., rising to £680 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "Bangor," within 7 days. Enclose s.a. envelope for acknowledgement.

ST. Pancras Borough Council. Deputy Borough Librarian. Applics. invited for above appointment, salary scale for which is £700 p.a., rising by annual increments of £50 to maximum of £900 p.a., plus appropriate cost-of-living addition. Applicants must be Fellows of Library Association, and should have had first class exp. in a large and fully developed library system, incl. co-ordination of branch and all other departmental services. The Borough Council has established an Information Service, and sponsors—under Educ. and Public Libraries Cttee.—an Arts and Civic Council for purpose of organising concerts, lectures, exhibitions, discussion groups, ballet circle and other activities. Exp. of modern extensions of the library service will be deemed an advantage. Appointment subject to provisions of the Superann. Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical exam. The Council are unable to assist successful applicant in the provision of housing accom. Canvassing of members of Borough Council direct/indirectly, strictly prohibited and will be deemed to disqualify. Applics. should be made by letter, suitably endorsed, and must reach the undersigned by April 23. Applicants must state their age, qualifics. and exp., together with partics. of past and present employment, and should submit copies of three recent testims. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Tn. Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

L.C.C. Reqd. in Education Officer's Dept.: a Woman Welfare Assistant (Residential Schools & Homes). Duties include finding and inspecting private holiday homes for children from the Council's residential schools and homes, and in this and other ways as reqd. providing for the welfare of these children. Evening and sometimes week-end work may be involved and residence at approved charges in/near a particular school or home may be reqd. Knowledge of the needs of children and exp. in their care are nec. Salary £425-£25-£550 p.a. Applic. forms (stamped add. foolscap env. nec.), obtainable from Education Officer (Estab. /2), County Hall, S.E.1, to be returned by April 26, 1947. (919.)

RESIDENT Warden reqd. for London Hostel for students in training for social services in the Courts. No domestic duties. Candidates should have both academic and practical knowledge of social work. Post likely to be temporary and may be full-time or evening and week-ends only. Sal. according to duties and qualifics.; max. £500 and residential emoluments free. Applics., giving full partics. of educ. and exp., and names and addresses of three refs., to General Secy., The London Police Court Mission 2 Hobart Place, S.W.1.

COVENTRY Local Educ. Authority. Applics. invited for post of full-time Warden and Club Leader at Canley Youth Centre. Exp. in Youth Service is essential, and knowledge of mixed club work would be added qualific. Salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I of Natl. Scale (£330×£15—£375) plus cost of living bonus (at present £59 19s. 3d). Full partics. and applic. forms, which should be returned by May 3, may be obtained from Frank H. Harrod, Director of Education, Education Office, Council House, Coventry.

Appointments Vacant—continued

WILTSHIRE C.C. Educ. Ctee. Youth Service. Applics. invited for permanent appointments as Leader-Organisers in Malmesbury and Trowbridge. Officers appointed, working under local ctees., responsible for general development of Youth Service activities in respective towns, including setting up of Youth Club or Youth Centre. Some training, tact and relevant exp. desirable. Sal. on scale £285×£15×£300 according to qualifics. plus cost of living bonus at present 23s. p.w. for men, 18s. 6d. for women. Further partics. and application forms from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trowbridge. Candidates who have already made applics for temp. Youth Service posts in County need not repeat their applications.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Hutton Residential School, Essex (a Social Welfare School for boys and girls of all ages). (1) Senior assistant master (non-res.) capable of taking charge of school work, under the Headmaster-Supt. Burnham Scale salary. Post normally carries an allowance of £75 p.a. over and above scale salary subject to the approval of the Council on appointment. (2) Young qualid. assistant mistress (non-res.), ability to take P.T. and games desirable. Burnham Scale salary. Applic. forms (stamped add. env. nec.) from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable within next 10 days. (697.)

L.C.C. Reqd. at Ashford Residential School, Ashford, Middx. (a Social Welfare School for normal children) two qualified women teachers (non-res.), one to teach primary and one secondary pupils. Additional qualifics. in P.T. desirable. Burnham (London) Scale salaries. One of the posts in question normally carries an allowance of £60 p.a. over and above scale salary subject to approval of Council on appointment. Applic. forms (stamped add. env. nec.) from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable within next 10 days. (698.)

KENT Educ. Cttee. invite applics. for appointment as Women Welfare Officers. The duties include home supervision of handicapped children, selection of foster homes and care and supervision of children committed to care of the Authority under the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933. Exp. in social work with children desirable. Salary £252 p.a., rising by annual increments of £12 to a max. of £288 p.a. plus cost of living bonus at present £48 p.a. Candidates appointed will be reqd. to pass a med. exam. and appointments will be subject to provisions of the Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Forms of applic. may be obtained from, and should be returned as soon as possible to, the County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent.

ACKWORTH School, Nr. Pontefract, Yorks (Co-ed boarding school conducted by Society of Friends). Reqd. for Sept., 1947 (salaries according to Burnham Scale. A. Four resident mistresses to teach: (1) German to Univ. Entrance standard, (2) Geography to Univ. Entrance standard (subsidiary Economics desirable), (3) History to Univ. Entrance standard (a post of special responsibility for anyone well qualified), (4) English subjects to Junior and Middle school. Special interest desirable in "modern" curriculum or in the teaching of Scripture. Applics. before April 26 to Headmistress. B. Res. master/mistress to teach Latin to Higher School Cert. standard. Applics. before Apr. 26 to Headmaster.

FRANCES Mary Buss House, Bow. Applics. invited for posts of res. Warden and Club Leader, either sex for either post, for this settlement which is run in connection with North London Collegiate School. Husband and wife would be considered. Apply, stating age, exp. and salary reqd., encl. copies of recent testimonials and giving names of two refs., to Secy., Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, N.L.C.S., Canons, Edgware.

MINERS' Welfare Commission invite applics. for appointments of Clerical Officers (male), (i) for duties in Finance Section (temporarily located in Ashtead, later Westminster). Applics., pref. under 30, should have exp. of book-keeping, sals., wages, P.A.Y.E., and general finance procedure; (ii) for its Statistics Section (Westminster). Some previous exp. of work essential. Sal. £105 at 18, rising to £350 plus war bonus consolidated addition of £78 p.a. 24 days' annual leave. Staff Pension scheme after one year's satisfactory service. Applic. forms from Estab. Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Ct., Ashtead, Surrey.

WANTED immed. to undergo technical training for 2-3 years to qualify for well-paid executive positions, 6 men of ability and drive, already demobilised or expecting demobilisation from Forces shortly. Must be not more than 25 years old and have passed school cert. or equiv. exam. Pref. given to Public School men. Pay during training £300-£350. Substantial increases given later to successful trainees. No prev. knowledge of shoes necessary. Applics. to Training Manager, Lotus, Ltd., Stafford.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

ASSISTANT Master (Latin and English) wanted at Dane Court, Pyrford, Woking. Recog. I.A.P.S. School. Also Lady Domestic Staff at Dane Ct., Whatcombe, Blandford.

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SWITZERLAND at Whitsun: Join small party going attractive village, Lake Maggiore May 23. Plenty of sunshine, spring flowers. Other Swiss parties later. Box 1876.

TYPEWRITER, Standard Royal or other good make. Wanted urgently. Box 3705.

PARIS Party, Whitsun week-end. South of France, fortnightly from May 17: small parties personally arranged by my travel service for individualists. Cevennes, following footsteps of R. L. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," June 17: two weeks with lively stay in Paris en route. Early bookings essential. Details: Anna Claire, 107a, Grosvenor Rd. S.W.1. VIC. 5901.

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